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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York

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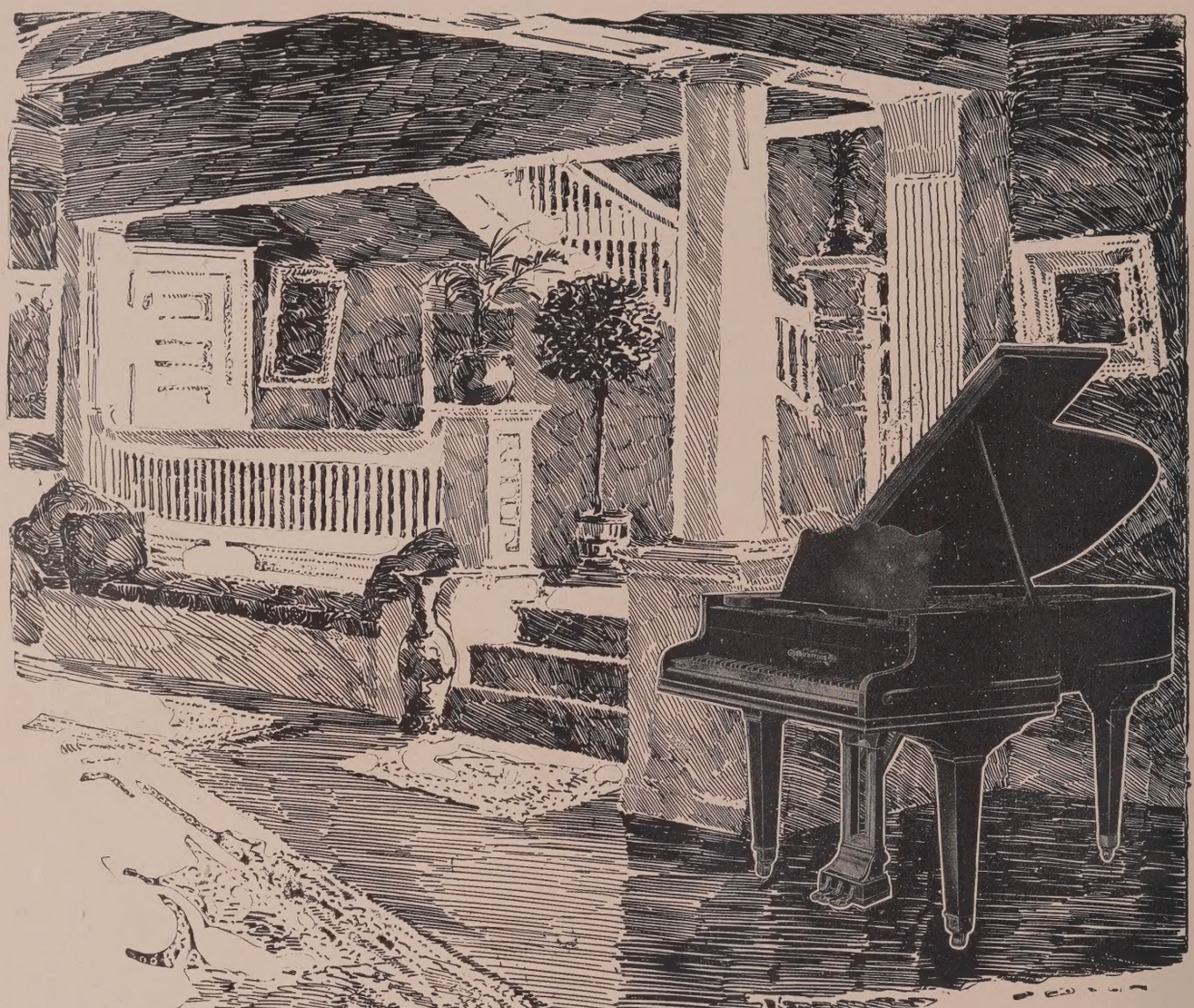

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THE THEATRE

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Moffett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

This clever Russian actress, who each season wins a firmer foothold on the American stage, will be seen next season in a new play.

White — Lady Saphir (Alice Brady) — Lady Angela (Viola Gillette) — Lady Ella (Christine Nielsen)

Act II. The ladies follow Grosvenor's example and forsake their æsthetic attire

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE" AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

LYRIC THEATRE. "PATIENCE." Comic opera in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Revived on May 6 last with the following cast:

Reginald Bunthorne....De Wolf Hopper	Patience .....Marie Doro
Archibald Grosvenor.....Cyril Scott	The Lady Angela.....Viola Gillette
Colonel Calverley...Geo. J. MacFarlane	The Lady Saphir.....Alice Brady
Major Murgatroyd.....Eugene Cowles	The Lady Ella.....Christine Nielsen
Lt., Duke of Dunstable. Arthur Aldridge	The Lady Jane.....Eva Davenport

No matter how ephemeral the subject of a satire may be, if its treatment is keenly analytical and possesses the proper literary quality it is certain to endure. A point in view is the case of "Patience," now in revival at the Lyric. Certainly nothing could be deader than the æsthetic craze which Oscar Wilde emphasized so emphatically throughout England more than thirty years ago, and yet Gilbert's book pleases almost as potently as ever. Its polished lyrics are laughed at, the lines get responsive effects, and as a new generation of playgoers files out of the theatre there are nothing but expressions of delight that this cheerful, bright and witty operetta evokes. Which is the more important in the success of an opera, the librettist or the composer, has not and cannot probably be determined, but in the collaboration which existed so many years between Gilbert and Sullivan, the union was one of almost perfect and absolute balance. It was a wonderful combination, and the pleasure they gave in their generation to the thousands who heard them will still be handed down to and employed by the thousands yet unborn.

It is a rich and sumptuous setting which Messrs. Shubert and Brady have furnished for this revival. Melville Ellis, the designer of the costumes, saw fit to take liberties, and instead of giving the woman the clinging robes of the pre-Raphaelites, garbed his very good-looking female choristers in a pseudo-Greek concoction, charming in color and calculated to show off their pulchritudinous lines to the best advantage.

Sullivan's scores always sound easier than they are. "Patience" is not a simple one, but the joint chorus renders it with fine volume of tone, accompanied by much spirited action and necessary languorous grace.

It is not necessary to compare the efforts of the present exponents with those who figured in the original production. De Wolf Hopper is a delightful Bunthorne, artistic and restrained, but funny, while his rich voice and fine, distinct diction are a delight to those who enjoy an appreciation of witty lyrics. Cyril Scott is only mildly successful as Grosvenor, but there is a splendid military trio, virile, sonorous, spirited in the persons of George J. MacFarlane, Eugene Cowles and Arthur Aldridge. As a picture, Marie Doro is Patience. Her voice is a trifle small and still for so exacting a rôle, but for amplitude of person and sufficiency of tone there is nothing wanting in Eva Davenport's Lady Jane.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "ROBIN HOOD." Light opera in three acts by Reginald de Koven. Book by Harry B. Smith. Revived on May 6 last with the following cast:

Little John.....Carl Gantvoort	Robin Hood.....Walter Hyde
Allan-a-Dale .....Florence Wickham	Maid Marian.....Bella Alten
Will Scarlet.....Basil Ruysdael	Sheriff of Nottingham....Edwin Stevens
Annabel .....Ann Swinburne	Guy of Gisborne.....Sidney Bracy
Friar Tuck.....George Frothingham	Boy .....Marie Wiova
Dame Durden.....Pauline Hall	Girl .....Dorothy Arthur

The task of the critic would be pleasant indeed if on every occasion he had nothing but praise to distribute to all concerned, as in the case of the present revival of Mr. Reginald de Koven's delightful operetta, "Robin Hood." In the memory of the oldest playgoer there was never a more unanimous verdict than the one heard on the opening night—an overwhelming success from every point of view. What a lesson this for the producing manager! Here is an operetta, laid away and forgotten on the dusty managerial shelves, revived now for the first time in twenty years. Why should the beauties of this work have been hidden

all this time? Old-fashioned, out of date—nonsense! It is just as fresh, just as charming to-day as it was when it first took the town by storm two decades ago. "Robin Hood" wears well. Without doubt, it is one of the masterpieces in the field of American light opera. It is a work that will live and give delight to generations yet to come.

The present management is also to be congratulated on having found for the title rôle a tenor who can act as well as he can sing. Mr. Walter Hyde is an artist of no mean ability, and his voice, though not voluminous, rings true at all times. The respective rôles of Maid Marian and Alan-a-Dale are well taken care of by Bella Alten and Florence Wickham, two artists heard repeatedly last season at the Metropolitan Opera House. A new soprano, Miss Ann Swinburne, was very charming as Annabel, and the others in the excellent cast all distinguished themselves, among them Basil Ruysdael, George Frothingham, and our old friends, Pauline Hall and Edwin Stevens. The costumes, *mise-en-scene* and orchestra were up to the high standard of this admirable production.

Courtesy J. Strickland

Durward Lely Rutland Barrington Frank Thornton

Trio from the original production of "Patience" in London, 1881

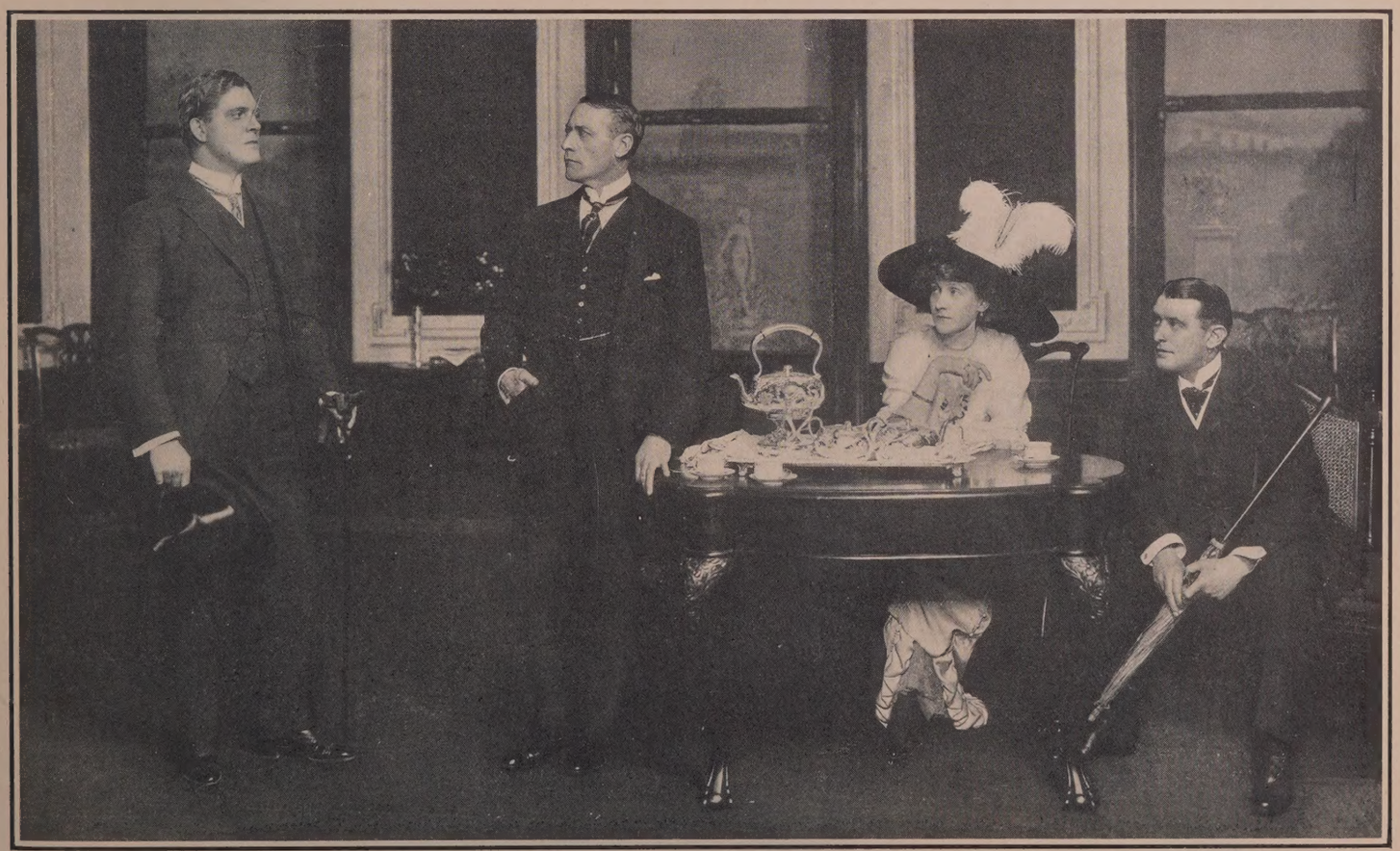
DALY'S THEATRE. "THE EXPLORER." Play in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on May 7 with the following cast:

Alexander Mackenzie.....Lewis Waller	Capt. Mallins.....Lewis Broughton
Richard Lomas.....Charles Cherry	Butler .....Elwyn Eaton
George Allerton.....Reginald Dane	Charles .....Frank Dossert
Sir Robert Boulger...J. Malcolm Dunn	Lucy Allerton.....Constance Collier
Rev. James Carbery.....Henry Carvill	Lady Kelsey.....Suzanne Sheldon
Dr. Adamson.....Stanley Harrison	Mrs. Crowley.....Grace Lane

Undoubtedly as a tryout in the make-up of a repertory for next season Mr. Lewis Waller produced for a limited run at Daly's "The Explorer," a comedy-drama in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. In London, where the play was first presented some four years ago, it achieved a certain success, due, without doubt, to the personal popularity of the star, for the revelation of its content here went to show that the author is far more effective as a composer of light, ingenious comedies than in the construction of a serious play.

It may safely be predicted that it will not prove very successful either as a box-office magnet or as a medium for the display of Mr. Waller's histrionic accomplishments. To put it mildly, "The Explorer" is pretty poor stuff. It is even a source of wonder that he should ever have considered it worthy of production. But stars are human, and the rôle of the self-contained, long-suffering hero, brave and self-sacrificing, always does appeal to those who love the centre of the stage and the illuminating rays of the sparkling spotlight.

Alexander Mackenzie is a daring explorer. On the eve of his departure for Africa he becomes engaged to Lucy Allerton, the daughter of a convicted forger. Mackenzie agrees to take with him her brother, a weak degenerate. In the wilds, young Allerton commits a murder and places the expedition in great jeopardy. To redeem himself, he takes up a position of extreme danger, saves the command, but is killed, apparently a hero.



White Sir Robert Boulger (Malcolm Dunn) Alexander Mackenzie (Lewis Waller) Mrs. Crowley (Grace Lane) Richard Lomas (Charles Cherry)

Act III. Sir Robert Boulger apologizes to Alexander Mackenzie

SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY-DRAMA, "THE EXPLORER," SEEN AT DALY'S THEATRE

When Mackenzie returns to England his great accomplishment is dimmed by a letter to the *Times*, which insinuates that Mackenzie sacrificed the boy to save himself. To tell the truth would make Lucy's lot still more unendurable, and so he suffers in silence and nearly loses his prospective bride, but, of course, the truth comes out, and there you are; all of which is conventionally theatrical and by no means convincing. Mr. Waller's performance of the explorer is as dexterous and pleasing as the part sages, is not altogether spoiled by its American adaptation. The story remains, but the supplementary things would indicate that the maid herself had gone the rounds of the variety shops on some bargain day. This does not mean that the opera is made up largely of specialties, but it does mean that discretion has been made in the selection of the American variations. The adapters have augmented a rather simple original after the process of inlaying, illustrating the bare text with many pictures.

Photo White

Right to left—James T. Powers, Flavia Arcaro, Louis London and chorus

SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "TWO LITTLE BRIDES," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE CASINO THEATRE

deserves. It makes no demands upon his real skill, nor in the rendering of which can it give him much personal gratification. The redeeming feature of the play is a trio of comedy scenes between a middle-aged man and woman of the world. The dialogue here is trenchantly witty and genuinely amusing. Its deft treatment is capitally executed by Charles Cherry and Grace Lane. The lachrymose heroine is portrayed by Constance Collier. It is not an inspired impersonation.

GLOBE THEATRE. "THE ROSE MAID." Operetta in two acts by Bruno Granichstaedten. Lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Adapted by H. B. Smith and Raymond Peck. Produced April 22 with the following cast:

Duke of Barchester.....J. H. Duffey	Mabel Willing.....Grace Williams
Sir John Portman.....R. E. Graham	Madge Mortimer.....Jane Rock
Princess Hilda.....Edith Decker	Mamie Morris.....Ethel Kelley
Dennis.....Ed. Gallagher	Madeline Miggs.....Sadie Melles
Schmuke.....Al. Shean	Maude Schuyler.....Anne Raymond
Chumley.....Arthur Laceby	Countess Bertrand.....Juliette Dika
Daphne.....Adrienne Augarde	Blatz.....Harry Lambart
Angela.....Emilie Lea	Count Orloffsky.....Alfred Darling
Berenice.....May Emory	Marquis Cassaignac.....Charles Wheeler
Bertie Walpole.....Phillip Sheffield	Duke d'Este.....E. L. Spencer
Gwendolen Bruce.....Dorothy Follis	Member German Cavalry..F. McCullough
Myrtle Doolittle.....Louise Brunelle	Mem. East Indian Lancers. Phillip Sheffield

There is always a story of some consistency and sanity in the librettos written for foreign operas. It thus happens that "The Rose Maid," interpolated as it is here and there with inane pas-

This happy result was inevitable in the employment of Julian Mitchell as the stage-manager. No doubt he has added grace and movement and color and variety to it. To entertain an audience by such means, without a tedious moment, is an achievement. To piece together a variety show is no achievement at all. Here is a production that is pleasingly new. It came very near having six young men, identically attired, attach themselves to six beautiful show girls, equipped in six beautiful gowns, and go through the usual coquetries, but after they had made a mere feint of their purpose they were driven from the field by troupes of dancing girls, who were more to the purpose. The opera is new in that it has plenty of comedy without the aid of a hardworking comedian.

The story is about something, and, curiously enough, it gives the impression of substantiality, when in reality it is next to impossible. What the people do is so natural that it is of no consequence why they do it. A rich old uncle has a spendthrift nephew who is to be his heir. On making an unexpected visit to the amiable and handsome scamp, that young man and his companions, not knowing him, offend him by their liberties and comment on his personal appearance and habits. The old man Bountiful then reveals himself and (*Continued on page x*)

REVIVAL OF "ROBIN HOOD" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

Photos White

No. 1, Act I—Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff, Sidney Bracy as Sir Guy, Pauline Hall as Dame Durden, George Frothingham as Friar Tuck. No. 2, Act II—Ann Swinburne as Annabel, Pauline Hall as Dame Durden, Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff. No. 3—Dame Durden and Friar Tuck. No. 4—Bella Alten as Maid Marian and Walter Hyde as Robin Hood. No. 5—Ann Swinburne as Annabel, Florence Wickham as Alan-a-Dale. No. 6—Morris dancers in Act I.

Photo Larcher

Alexandre Mérital (M. Lucien Guitry) Renée (Mlle. Madeleine Lély)
Act III. Alexandre: "I committed a theft!"

SCENE IN HENRY BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY, "L'ASSAUT," WHICH CHARLES FROHMAN WILL PRESENT HERE NEXT SEPTEMBER

A New Bernstein Play

HENRY BERNSTEIN, who wrote "The Thief" and other pieces of a sensational order, all of which are well known in this country, has added another remarkable work to his already long list of successful plays. This is "L'Assaut" (The Attack), drama in three acts, produced at the Gymnase early this year. Charles Frohman will present the play in America next fall, John Mason appearing here in the rôle originated by Lucien Guitry in Paris.

The story of "The Attack," like those of "Raphael," "Israel," "Samson," "le Voleur," is particularly free from stage tricks and devices that might answer for subtleties. It is not so simple as those of the earlier Bernstein plays, because the most recent piece illustrates two themes, and they but one; nevertheless, it would be a befogged mind indeed that should find "L'Assaut" complex or obscure.

Bernstein, in fact, writing without much previous study, has dared from the first to present to the over-refined Parisians, accustomed to the wire-drawn ramifications of thought, plays that deal with primitive, almost primordial instincts, and he succeeded from the first. He invited them to give up their dinners of carefully compounded courses, their dainty sauces and bouquets, and sit down with him before a gigantic, bloody joint hacked off from the ox with one blow. It isn't so very wonderful that their appetites, jaded by the *entre-mets* of Scribe, Sardou, d'Ennery (not to mention the countless modern theatrical cooks) responded to Bernstein's bluff and almost brutal appeal.

Bernstein began his study of life on the Bourse. His first active participation in business was as a broker; the methods he acquired thus—quick order, rapid deduction—he took into his second line of business, which is playwriting. He gives that early training little credit for his rapid conquest of his public, but says, and probably thinks, he owes it to his temperament, and also to his race, for he is a Jew. A capricious, tumultuous inspiration presides over his labors. He writes with a sort of madness, pacing his chamber, talking aloud, swearing, gesticulating, tearing up paper. He works in this way, he has said, furiously far into the night. Periods of calm gestation, hours of silent meditation, never come to him. Composition with him is a conflict, noisy, confused. His scenes roll like thunder from the electric conditions which caused them. It is surprising that the noises he evokes do not drown each other; but they do not, for this writer moves adroitly through violence, sustained by a fitness for his task that can only be a gift of nature.

M. HENRY BERNSTEIN
From a French caricature

"We are tourists," says Bernstein, "in a feverish quest for the picturesque; we penetrate with cold curiosity into the turpitudes, the hidden griefs, the cruel hatreds of men."

In the work of a man who thus belittles his literary ideal we find a singular mixture of melodrama and the epic—a combination of the common and the exceptional. The mixture is not new to France; it can be detected in certain dramas of Hugo. What lends to Bernstein an appearance of spontaneity is his devotion to modern life. Modern life, ruled by money, which makes its subjects all men equal in grief and shame, is Bernstein's constant, undeviating theme. So when this playwright exploits the manias of love, hate, vengeance, fury, he is the master of a torrential manner that is more rapid than profound. He

Photo White

Daphne
(Adrienne Augarde)

Duke of Barchester
(J. H. Duffey)

Act II. The Duke of Barchester is introduced to the Rose Maid

SCENE IN "THE ROSE MAID," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Photo White

Laura (Rosalind Ivan) — A Captain of Cavalry (Warner Oland) — The Nurse (Louise Dempsey)

SCENE IN STRINDBERG'S DRAMA, "THE FATHER," AS PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE BERKELEY THEATRE

has the primordial instincts, and is able to portray them without shades. His hero is either a bull, lowering his massive head to destroy, or an unchained lion driving, with his roar, the terrified people into their hiding places. These heroes have nothing psychological; they are simple—as simple as the circumstances their author studies them in. A "boursier" adores his aristocratic wife who hates him. To ruin the man for whom she betrays him, he destroys his own fortune, but saves his self-respect—"Samson." In order to dress tastefully, and keep her husband's love, Marise ignobly steals from her hostess, and permits the poor young man who loves her to be accused of the crime—"le Voleur." A prince, ferociously anti-Semitic, provokes a Jewish banker, only to discover that the Jew is his own father; he kills himself—"Israel." These plays illustrate the Bernstein theatre. In each of them the solution comes like lightning, and this rapidity destroys finesse; the action goes by leaps and bounds. Bernstein resembles Byron, with whom asterisks took the place of explanation.

Bernstein's style exactly suits his construction. Insupportable to the reader, this argot of the world of finesse or of intrigue marvelously, as we say, "gets across." Direct, living and common, this author's dialogue is in the tone of his drama, it "exteriorizes." And he possesses in a wonderful degree the power of compelling his audience to collaborate with him.

In "l'Assaut," the author found another almost universal subject, and he handled it with his accustomed directness. It is impassioned; it strikes many notes, the audience laughs, the audience cries, and while the story is ingenious it is told simply. One needs only the ordinary quality of brain, and a heart capable of common emotions, to understand and applaud this play.

Alexandre Mérital, 53 years old, introduced as a leader of the socialist party, and spoken of as future President du Conseil, is its hero. In the first act we see him at his country place at Dinard surrounded by two adoring sons and a daughter, and adored by Renée, the latter's intimate friend. For the four preceding summers this young girl has spent her vacation with Mérital's family. Admiring her noble character, Mérital proposes a marriage between her and his elder son. Renée refuses; she does not love the son, but she does love the father, the "grand homme," who has long been a widower.

In a scene which may be described as one of the most convincing of the modern drama, Renée makes a timid avowal of her feelings to Mérital without shocking anybody's sensibility, there is so much sincerity and frankness in it. Flattered though he is, Mérital knows life and doubts the future. Renée, however, knows that she cannot love twice, and feeling sure of her heart, offers it to him without hesitation.

This scene "for two" is prolonged. Mérital reasons with the girl, who is divinely obstinate. At length she convinces him that he may joyfully accept this happiness which has come to him unexpectedly. Lucien Guitry (Mérital) portrayed a man who, expecting for his declining days only ordinary joys, suddenly gets a glimpse of a supreme happiness. He loves the girl with his whole heart, is at first distressed by her confession, then accepts with rapture this belated bliss. In this scene, the actor, always a favorite with Parisians, won more than his accustomed meed of admiration.

So far the piece pursues a happy domestic course, without a suspicion of drama. It is on the way. Senator Frepeau, political ally of Mérital, a powerful director of the socialistic organ, *The Defender*, arrives in his automobile from Paris. He brings bad news. An obscure Paris Journal has charged Mérital that very morning with having robbed his employer when he was a lawyer's clerk at Grenoble. Mérital is astonished that Frepeau should have taken the trouble to motor all the way from the capital to warn him about this calumny, which he finds beneath his notice. He is still more disquieted when Frepeau explains that *The Defender* has simultaneously published a denial of the story, for he realizes that this denial elevates the obscure author of the lie to the position of insulting him—Alexandre Mérital. Frepeau has done more; he has had the

(*Continued on page ix*)

SEASON OF FRENCH GRAND OPERA AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Mimi (Mme. Lavarenne) | Rudolphe (M. Conrad) | Schaunard (M. Beckmans) | Musette (Mme. Cortez) | Colline (M. Combes) | Marcel (M. Montano)

SCENE IN "LA BOHEME" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Photo C. Bennette Moore

Amonasro (M. Closset) | Aïda (Mlle. Beaumont) | Rhadames (M. Granier) | Amneris (Mme. Fierens)

SCENE IN "AIDA" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

LA MALAGUENITA

A GROUP OF SPANISH DANCERS

MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN

A NEW CARMEN

AMERICANS going abroad this summer, who do not expect to extend their journeying to exotic Spain, will find in London, ready to their hand, real Spanish dancers of the most celebrated brand disporting themselves in an atmosphere more Spanish than Spain itself, while the delightful music of Bizet's "Carmen," with its Moorish strains, cloys the senses.

Never has the rivalry between the Alhambra Music Hall and the Empire, London's twin homes of the ballet, resulted in a more gorgeous feast for the eye and ear than the new Carmen ballet, with which the Alhambra is now carrying press and public by storm. The production, which closely follows the story of the opera, was staged under the direction of Herr Beger, *maitre de ballet* of the Imperial Opera House, Warsaw, at a cost, it is said, of twenty-five thousand dollars, which does not seem excessive in view of the sumptuousness of the settings and the importation of numerous high-priced Spanish artists to give native interpretation to the familiar action. Mr. Moul, of the Alhambra, following the modern custom, gathered his material and people at first hand in Spain, spending money lavishly and yet with a view to the ultimate dividends, which his ballets must, and do, yield to the promoters abroad, and which are seldom found in the credit column of similar undertaking on this side of the water.

In Maria la Bella, Mr. Moul has found a new and most ingratiating Carmen, whose grace is like that of a wild bird, free on the wing. Besides marked mimetic skill, she has youth, beauty, and charming stage presence. She not only plays Carmen, but is Carmen—a Carmen of the Spanish—with rare feeling for the nuances of the rôle, and with apparent enjoyment.

"I love this wonderful creation of Carmen," she remarked in an interview, "because she is so vital, so passionate, so real, one is forced to live the part; to be Carmen for the time. To show you how real it all is to me, when Don José stabbed me one night, I forgot that it was a *mime* and fell so heavily that a hairpin was driven into my head, cutting me badly. On another occasion, I did not yield before the blow, and the knife ran into my back, making a gash three inches long. My clothes were full of blood, and I bear the scar now, but not until the curtain fell did I realize that I was hurt; I was so excited."

In this country, we are apt to take such statements with a grain of press-agent, but none who have been thrilled by this Spanish rendering of "Carmen" can doubt the intensity and passion of the players. Maria la Bella is ably seconded in her efforts by a corps of Spanish dancers, La Andujar, La Arnapola, La Nieves, La Morenita, La Punki, La Nini, La Pilarita, La Malaguenita, and a male dancer, Real Montosa, who are a galaxy in themselves. La Malaguenita—who, by the way, is not identified with the team, Los Malaguenitos, which appeared last winter at the Winter Garden—is a flamenco dancer, the flamenco being a native variation of our own clog dance. The name of this *artiste* is a word to conjure with in her own land, and she is indeed remarkable, not only in the precision with which she beats out the rhythm with her little heels, but also in the expressiveness of her facial play. She gives, besides the flamenco, the March Fuentes and the Zapateado, to the accompaniment of her purring, snapping castanets. Others in the cast are M. Volbert as the Brigadier, and M. Agoust as the Toreador, who need no introduction.

AUBREY LANSTON.

MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN

Don José (M. Volbert) Carmen (Maria La Bella)

The Toreador (Emile Agoust) Don José (M. Volbert) Carmen (Maria La Bella)

SCENES IN "CARMEN" AS PRODUCED AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, LONDON

How Walker Whiteside Became a Japanese

IT was a curiously fortuitous circumstance that for three years Walker Whiteside, who is the star, owner and manager of the Japanese play, "The Typhoon," had for neighbor in Denver the Japanese Consul. This representative of the most advanced country in the Orient, passed from the state of an unknown neighbor to neighboring acquaintance, then occasional caller, then friend, then intimate friend. His name was Causeri, and there were puns in plenty between the two households concerning the *causerie* of the two families.

The actor, who was then playing the dreamy young Jew in Israel Zangwill's drama, "The Melting Pot," had at that time no thought of ever playing one of the little yellow men from Nippon, but the able actor is a negative on which all events and persons make a distinct picture. Besides this, Mr. Whiteside had the mental stimulus of a genuine liking for his small, seemingly inscrutable neighbor.

Three years of neighborly converse left in his mind a vividly complete picture of Japanese externals and Japanese character. On crossing the Atlantic he established friendly relations with two Japanese students. In St. Louis he chanced to enlarge his acquaintance with the mind and habits of the conquerors of the Russians by a friendship with the Japanese Consul in that city.

In New York the circle of his Oriental acquaintance widened to include the Consul and many of the Consul's friends in this city. The acquaintanceships were among that accumulation of experiences collected by that nomad of the arts, the player. It was one of the means that came to Mr. Whiteside of extending his mental horizon and deepening his sympathies. He felt that his life had been enriched by the addition of the knowledge he had gathered of their lives and ideals, their subtleties and their intense patriotism.

Marceau

WALKER WHITESIDE

Discussing Japanese statesmanship, and the possibility of the spread of Japanese power, the actor has often said to brother Lambs in the club on Forty-fourth Street:

"You talk as wildly as people do when they don't know their subject. I tell you that their reticence is admirable, and worthy our emulation. No, they do not remind me of serpents. I never caught any reptilian suggestion about them. One thing that impresses me about them is that every Japanese is a gentleman."

It was when "The Melting Pot" had carried its message of the assimilation of the races to the last corners of America, and the Zangwill drama had finished its long course, that Mr. Whiteside found himself without a play, and in that state of feverish unrest had been reading three plays a week, that a long package, wrapped in manilla paper, came to his home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and with the remark that it looked as though it had come from the meat market, although it bore a mailing stamp, he tossed it on his desk, and it lay there unopened for several weeks. Yellow and small and unprepossessing, it gave no hint of the strength of what was within the unpromising cover.

When he read it, its power and novelty grasped him with strong hands. When he had read the first two acts he feared to read the rest. "The let-down at the last that spoils so many plays" he was afraid might once more await him. He handed it to his wife. "Read the last act, please," he said in that tone of heart-sickness that reveals hope deferred. So many plays had disappointed him by their ante climaxes. He had begun to think of a good play as an *ignis fatuus*, impossible to be overtaken. His wife's verdict revived his hopes. He carried the play to a manager, who declined it. He decided himself to produce it.

Then mercifully came pouring back upon him in a flood his memories of the Japanese Consul who was his neighbor in Denver. He recalled how the Japanese students on board the Transatlantic steamer talked to each other, the queer, sharp, staccato tones, that changed when he encountered their Caucasian fellow passengers to slower, suaver speech. He remembered the changeless calm of the smooth, yellow faces. Memory repictured the swift, pleasing half smile and the odd little duck with which they greeted their slightly superiors, the bend to the knees with which they saluted persons of consequence, the eye to eye unbendingness of their intercourse with each other. The sensitive, almost uncanny, hands fluttered before his memory vision. The short-stepped, half-effeminate gait recurred to him as though a procession of the little men was passing before the eyes of his body.

Memory developed the photograph plate to a nicety. But lest the plates had been under or over-developed, Mr. Whiteside invited two Japanese men to sit every day at rehearsals and watch every step, every gesture, listen for any possible false intonation. Here were three stage directors, instead of the usual one, an American and two Japanese. The Japanese listened, as they always did, with inscrutable faces.

"Vera nice," they said, with their diplomatic duck and smile. "Vera nice."

But the star insisted every day at the close of rehearsals upon a minute report of every slightest discrepancy between the Japanese of the stage and the Japanese of real life. The reports were brief. The jury, after three weeks of rehearsals, pronounced the production perfect, as though it had been rendered in Japan by Japanese. But lest accustomedness cause the "letting down" that is so much dreaded by a company, the star never tired of consulting his jury.

The story of how Walker Whiteside became a Japanese is a tale with a moral. All is fish that comes to the net of an intelligent actor. The Japanese came, the actor saw and mastered.

The most difficult traits to master were the quick, high tones of their informal converse with each other and the walk so unlike the free American stride.

The yellow faces were made yellow by two coats of grease paint and the high eyebrows were set a facial story above the eyebrows, that were whitened or shaved. The moveless muscles were stilled by association, and taken on as the actor shuffled himself into the soul and skin of Tokeramo.

A. P.

Photo Kajiwara

WALKER WHITESIDE AS TOKERAMO IN "THE TYPHOON" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

A STAGE MANAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT

THE fact that Frank Reicher has been engaged by The Little Theatre management for another year is no surprise to his many admirers who have followed the triumph he made in Percy MacKaye's play, "The Scarecrow," his first serious venture on the New York stage, with his later work in "The Pigeon," Mr. John Galsworthy's drama.

In this charming play, which has closed the season at The Little Theatre, Mr. Reicher has a part which, while not so strikingly original as that of the Scarecrow, nevertheless gives him plenty of opportunity to prove himself one of the most finished character actors on the American stage.

Photo White

FRANK REICHER
As Ferrand in "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre

As Ferrand, the French vagabond, Mr. Reicher is by turns a philosopher, exchanging dictums on life, art and manners with the artist-philanthropist who extends to him and the two other waifs, the flower-seller and the bibulous cabby, a helping hand; a facile lover to the girl; a cynical protest to the trio who represent "The Institution;" a pessimist *par excellence* to the pessimist daughter, living up to her belief, or down to it, that he is a thorough "rotter."

Each facet, in turn, is displayed to the survey of his critical audience, who can find no flaw in it, and taking his work in entirety, that of the superficially clever, cigarette-smoking, amiable, indifferent loafer, so by inheritance, destiny and desire, it is equally admirable.

"I would rather walk," says Ferrand, "a whole month of nights hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool," having stated which sentiment he proceeds to tramp again and is again locked up in the workhouse.

In that sentence is the crux of the play, the ending of which leaves the spectator quite up in the air, as did that of "Strife." To those who like to leave the theatre without taking any threads home to tie up, this may be disturbing, but even they must admit that Mr. Reicher's work goes far to make amends for any after disturbance of the mental processes, while those who merely seek entertainment owe him an immense debt of gratitude.

A long time ago Mr. Reicher announced that he did not wish to be starred, as he was strongly opposed to this system as it is now promulgated on the American stage.

At the present rate of progress of the world's ongoing, stage world and real world, it is perhaps not wise to enumerate principles of any kind as hide-bound. Let us hope that what Mr. Reicher really meant when he announced himself as bitterly opposed to the star system is that he did not believe in launching a comparatively unknown player into the prominence that belongs only by right to those who have worked and earned their academic palms—in which belief he does not stand alone—that he is more willing to wait the natural sequence of events than many of his contemporaries, and that he will toil first and take his prizes afterward instead of reversing the process.

Let us hope that, for it certainly looks very much as if Mr. Reicher, *willy nilly*, may be forced into the prominence he so vigorously denounces, and that, having worked conscientiously for the work's sake, rather than for the plaudits of his fellowmen, he will soon achieve that Valhalla and Twilight of the Gods which are only other names in the actor's blue book for the spotlight and the centre of the stage.

Though of German birth and education, Mr. Reicher has achieved the rare distinction of speaking the language of the land of his adoption without the slightest trace of an accent, but it was rather a surprise to hear him, as Ferrand, speak that language with a French accent, equally perfect in its way. The lack of this lingual aptness was one serious drawback to the success of his sister, Miss Hedwig Reicher, who was starred by the late Henry B. Harris in "On the Eve."

Mr. Reicher was well grounded in his art at the time of life when impressions are most easily made and a finishing off process of schooling at Wiesbaden, where many boys of many nations were his companions, aided in giving him the facile speech of France and England, as well as the perfection of his own.

Like Pope's hero, Mr. Reicher probably lisped in numbers till the numbers came, for he was born into a dramatic atmosphere, and while there is no exact data on this important subject, judging one father by many, it is probably true that the elder Reicher stood over his son's cradle and murmured a Shakespearian quotation or uttered, with uplifted brow, rare Homeric lines.

At any rate, he himself is authority for the statement that he commenced to study under his father's tuition when he was a mere youngster.

The elder Reicher created the original rôles of all the Ibsen plays in Germany, and one of his most popular parts was the principal one in "The Emperor and Galilean," which has never, to the son's knowledge, been produced in America. Besides acting in the Ibsen's plays, he stage-managed them as well, and the son was never far from the father's side, oftentimes under foot as well, so he claims.

The mother was a celebrated opera singer, whose brief career gave great promise of later achievement. She was a friend and contemporary of Madame Schumann-Heink and other celebrities, who sincerely mourned her early death.

If one believes in the inheritance of talent, surely a better start could not be desired by any one. In the Reicher home, as a child and youth, young Reicher heard great men talk, celebrated actors and singers, painters and philosophers, all foregathering to expound their beliefs or relate their triumphs. To the growing boy's admiration for his paternal relative's talent was added a general admiration for all his father's friends.

A small "bit" was his first essay, from "Timon of Athens," which, it is claimed by many critics, should be presented more frequently on our modern stage. Two weeks later—and this suggests an idea of the strenuous work demanded by the Teutonic tyros, young Reicher appeared in "Der Flittermouse" (The Bat) with Fritzi Scheff, after which he immediately played Roderigo, his father playing Othello, and he was, for a long time thereafter, in a stock company where only Shakespearian productions were allowed.

Every night, in that mimic universe of the theatre, where scenes shifted and backgrounds changed, young Reicher saw a new world open to his mental vision. The germ of unrest was implanted; it was natural that it should develop in the soil ready for it by the fertilization of ideas. One day he ventured the New World in reality. He found it so much to his taste that he has remained in it ever since.

He played first in the "Becky Sharp" company of Mrs. Fiske, then with a stock company under German management. Following this, he appeared with Miss Julia Marlowe, who was giving "Barbara Frietchie" and a varied repertoire. The most important rôle Mr. Reicher played in New York City was that of Herod in Sudermann's "John the Baptist," a part played by his own father in Germany, and kept exclusively in his repertoire there.

While he played, Mr. Reicher studied his profession from unusual angles. Finally, either by the force of grim resolve or the mechanism of events—one is never quite sure of the genesis of such changes—he became a stage manager, or director, a position in his own country held in high esteem, and technically known as "Stage Inspector." The value of this part of his work had been shown him by his father. He staged-managed two companies for Frank Daniels and Miss Lulu Glaser, and finally settled, with a permanent contract, at the Hudson Theatre with the Harris staff. Meantime, whenever a small character part was needed, he cheerfully "filled in," an invaluable training to the actor, according to German standards.

In the time he has been occupied with stage managing, it has been Mr. Reicher's good fortune to note and approve the gradual improvement in that branch of histrionic art in America. Yet he thinks we are still some steps behind the perfection of German theatres. "There," says he, "the individual does not dominate the organization, but is a unit in the sum total; he is not allowed to misrepresent values for his personal aggrandizement, and even an actor-manager cannot, if he would, cut lines to strengthen his own and weaken other parts. The telling effect of a tragic climax is not spoiled by the smiling face of the player responding to applause, and a Hamlet, with the speech of Polonius to his son and the King's prayer elided, would be hissed off the stage."

White — Christopher Wellwyn (Russ Whytal) — Police Constable (Wilfrid North) — Guinevere Megan (Pamela Gaythorne) — Ferrand (Frank Reicher)

Act III. Guinevere Megan: "I don't want to go. They'll stab me"

SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S FANTASTIC COMEDY, "THE PIGEON," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

ANN MURDOCK
Seen lately in the rôle of Marjorie Newton in "Excuse Me"

But, to balance this ideal condition, Mr. Reicher states that there is little opportunity on the German stage, for its very perfection cuts off the hopes of those who are waiting for place, and that here, where there are more ladders to climb less unduly weighted at the top, ability is sure to be given its chance.

"The Scarecrow" was Mr. Reicher's first ambitious essay. It had been refused by several managers as an impracticable problem of staging, and when Mr. Harris, willing to give it opportunity, with many actors emulous to shine on his pay-rolls, proposed it to one and another, immediate objections were voiced, for a star views with dismay, it would seem, any excursion outside the safety of his particular orbit.

"The Scarecrow," a thing of shreds and patches, which finds its soul in the evolution of events, it is easily believed, might appeal to those who are humorously inclined at a first reading of the unusual, but to take those gentle cynics along and make them see the Mummer as a real man, by whom an audience would be torn by conflicting and serious emotions, was a different problem. Such an interpretation demanded infinite study, infinite sympathy and infinite patience.

One actor, on whom Mr. Harris had pinned a momentary faith, brought back the play, saying that he found nothing in it. One toyed with pros and cons several days, then stated that he would not make a fool of himself by smoking throughout the play a corncob pipe, which, in the drama, like a sanctuary fire, is supposed to exercise an occult influence on the immortality of the soul.

One of the celebrated actors of Germany once refused a part on the ground that he was not convinced by it, and, therefore, had no hopes of convincing his audience. It was this same part that made the late George Engel famous. The average American actor is not usually so conscientious, but the Scarecrow showed that there were several to be classified with the German player.

Meantime, Mr. Frank Reicher read, studied and reflected on Mr. Percy MacKaye's poem. He was convinced by the power of the unusual part if others were not. One day, present when Mr. Harris laid down the receiver of the telephone and announced that another actor had refused the rôle, he turned and said simply he would "like a try at it."

"Why didn't you say so before, Frank?" was the manager's only comment. Necessary details were forthwith arranged. Mr. Edgar Selwyn was called in to take charge of the stage direction and the play went immediately into rehearsal.

It is one of Mr. Reicher's dramatic beliefs that "once set the imagination of your audience working, they will do the rest for you." This accomplished, your battle is more than half won. "The Scarecrow" gave him plenty of opportunity to prove his faith by his work.

"Look at the color in his cheeks," said one and another on the first night when the Scarecrow recuperated from one of his abysmal lapses into unconsciousness. Mr. Reicher must have smiled grimly hearing this, for, of course, there was no color.

"Ah, the pipe has gone out," exclaimed another, "what will he do?" Expectation was tense, but the pipe had not gone out.

"Get them to the starting point," says Mr. Reicher, "and you can take them along to any desired place by the power of suggestion. There is no so-called 'business' which may be demanded by the play, however intricate it may seem, but can be overcome by a perfect knowledge of stage illusion."

The difficulties of producing Mr. MacKaye's play were many, but they were interesting ones. Most modern playwrights, admonished by tradition, keep one eye on the stage and fit their work to its argued inelasticity. Mr. MacKaye, on the contrary, assumed that the possibilities of stage craft were illimitable, or it is probably nearer the truth to say that he ignored it as a determining limitation to his art. To him it was a medium as his pen was a medium, necessary, but not controlling, and that faith on his part needed faith in his producers, which it had.

"Bosh!" said one actor, reading the lines. "How is it possible to make a creature of straw and pumpkins, of carrots and hay, of potatoes and beets, and have such a creation anything but farcical?" But the creation was not farcical.

"The audience won't stand for any more of the old-time trap doors, black case and mirror effects, temporary darkening of the stage, smoke and optical illusions," added another sceptic; but the audience did.

Thoroughly conversant with all stage (*Continued on page viii*)

VIEW OF SLEZAK'S HOUSE FROM THE LAKE

LEO SLEZAK AT WORK

Famous Tenor as a Happy Peasant

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

IT was June, and none of the Bavarian lakes is lovelier then than Tegernsee. Trace of spring still lingered in the fresh green of trees thrusting forth against sombre pines lining the mountains. Lilacs and roses filled the villa gardens; wild flowers bordered the highway; clouds borne by shifting winds in radiant sunshine made the lakes a prism of reflected color, and spun patterns of light and shade across the landscape.

For ten years Léo Slezak, the tenor, had been trying to buy a home in this enchanted corner, and only as many months before succeeded, for the peasants of Tegernsee cling to every foot of soil passed on from one generation to another as a something too precious to be sold. The original property, a massive old building with deep grounds extending from the lake back to a pine wood flanking the mountain, had been remodelled on his own plans the previous winter and spring, while he was singing Otello, Tannhäuser, and Rhadames at the Metropolitan. About the then frosted grounds groups of full-grown trees had been transplanted from the forest after his carefully drawn directions; a rustic outlook tower erected, and a chapel for his wife. Her first hint of this last had come as a surprise the previous Christmas eve, when he had laid a photograph of it, and an original poem of presentation at the foot of the lighted tree in their New York apartment.

MADAME SLEZAK AND THE CHILDREN

On that June morning Slezak, dressed as a peasant, in one hand nails and in the other a hammer, climbed down a ladder from the roof to welcome me and declare the present experience his very happiest. With the sound of the orchestra still fresh in his ears he had hurried to Bavaria to help the workmen from early until late; three blissful months remained ahead in which to dig, chop, and prune. A few days back he had had the joy of aiding to unload wagons piled with furniture made on peasant models by peasants of the district. Two thousand big trees had been transplanted to the grounds, five thousand plants set out in April, and the lawn already bloomed a bouquet of scarlet; the balcony along the second story, where twenty-four may dine and view the sunset, made a gay band of flowers against the white of the house walls. Never had Slezak strangled Desdemona in the last act of "Otello" with a greater energy than he had exerted in bringing things into order. Bills seemed flying and fluttering in the very air, "But this time I take delight in paying them," was his smiling comment, "for it means a home, a some place always to come back to."

Heinrich Knote, the tenor, associated in days gone by with the Metropolitan, lives on Starnbergersee, not far away, and has a place to study in a chalet built in Bavarian peasant style, but his dwelling proper is a modern German villa. Slezak, however, has every detail and article of furniture in the fashion existing for centuries among the humble neighbors about him.

The interior walls are of wood; heavy beams extend across the ceilings. The white outside shutters are decorated with baskets of flowers such as bloom in

LEO SLEZAK ON HIS PORCH

primary colors only in the fancy of peasant artists. All the furniture is painted white and decorated in the same gay fashion, almost mediæval in its elemental simplicity, St. Florian, the Bavarian patron and protector against fire, appearing on panels of the larger pieces. Wherever his image is depicted there is placed beneath in old German text a line which, literally translated, reads: "Good St. Florian, spare this house and let burn instead another." The good saint himself, robed in blue, red, and yellow, holds in his hand an upturned pitcher and drenches with water the little church and village of Tegernsee.

At heart one with the people about him, he and his family wear peasant dress on every day of the seven, nor could Slezak be readily mistaken as a man apart from his peasant neighbors. Once, at least, this phase of things caused complications. He was lying on the lake-shore in soft grass and blazing sunshine, nearby his boat bumped against the shore with inrippling waves. Two tourists, strolling down the road, and wanting to cross the lake at that point, presently spied him. "I say," ordered one in rich Berlinese dialect, "row us over?"

Slezak only closed his eyes the tighter and mumbled "Not to-day." "But you *must* row us over," persisted the stranger, and reaching down shook the tenor roughly.

"Not to-day," repeated Slezak, stretched his full six-foot five; then sat up slowly.

"He looks almost too intelligent to be a peasant," commented the other doubtingly, as his companion still persisted, "Row us over." Finally, out of patience, he asked in exasperation, "What are you?"

"Chamber singer to the Emperor of Austria," returned Slezak, this time opening his eyes wide to enjoy their dawning recognition.

"Didn't you sing Tannhauser at the Imperial Opera in Vienna last season?" was the query.

"Yes," returned Slezak, getting on his feet, "and now that I have had my joke, I'll pay for it. Get in, I'll row you over."

Both his young son and daughter are experts with the oar, and rowing their parents into midstream on moonlight nights, the tenor father will sing German folk melodies, peasant and villa dweller along the shores listening in silence to say at the song's close with a smile, "That was Slezak."

Next door to the singer's home is that of Madame Slezak's mother, "Drachenfels," or "Dragon's Rock," as he calls it—a joke he can well afford to make, because of friendly feeling existing. Indeed, the whole family connection is as one household, of which Madame Slezak's sister, her husband and their child are members. As for Slezak, few men used to the exotic life of an opera singer would find complete happiness in such isolation from the world in absolute simplicity. By five o'clock on summer mornings he is up and out of doors, to remain there, except for the brief space of mealtimes, until dark or later. There is inspection to do, sometimes an anxious one in the instance of big trees transplanted; flower-beds need his care; there is digging to do, and wood to chop for the kitchen and the house fires in chill days of early autumn before he journeys to Berlin, Russia, Vienna, and finally New York.

At odd hours the postman strolls up the lake bordering highway, presents a letter from some opera director or impresario, and stops to talk, while Slezak, indifferent to its contents, leaves the missive unopened. Sometimes of an afternoon Ludwig Thoma, the noted novelist, playwright, and poet of "Simplicissimus," will wheel over to smoke a friendly pipe. On Sunday mornings the combined Slezak forces march to the village church, whose white, pointed spire catches the eye at every turning. These things, with the routine of a family life led near together, in which Madame Slezak, a Viennese of the pure Austrian type of beauty, plays a gentle, charming part, make up the sum of Slezak's days off duty.

Every season the two children accompany their parents to New York, but the coming one the tenor has decided shall be his last at the Metropolitan.

"My boy will then be eleven, and must the following autumn enter college; to be near him means more to me than any money. Besides, in America, while I receive twelve hundred a night, in Europe I command a thousand."

Photo White

JOSE COLLINS AND MARTIN BROWN
In the Cinderella Dance at the Winter Garden

RICHARD BENNETT
A popular and forceful actor now appearing in the rôle of Peter Waverton in "Passers-By" on the road

Blanche Bates and her dumb but constant companion, Peggy

May Irwin duck shooting in the Thousand Islands

THE PLAYERS IN

THERE are as many theories of how an actor should properly spend his vacation as there are actors. I have heard them summarized according to the tastes and moods of the individual players. They all vary.

Edith and Mabel Taliaferro at Ostend

David Warfield thinks it doesn't matter particularly where the vacations are spent, if you but vary them. This summer he will spend in Canada and the Thousand Islands, fishing. Last summer he visited the chief art galleries of Europe. The year before I encountered him in the surf at Normandie-by-the-Sea, close to the city gates, where he was living in a summer hotel under the same roof with David Belasco and his family. On the whole, though, he thinks the country is the best, because it affords a life least like that of the mummer during his long winter tour, or the run of the play in one of the metropolitan cities.

Nance O'Neill thinks a player should cross the Atlantic every summer, spend at least two weeks in London and Paris, seeing new plays, and studying the methods of other players, then retire to the country, preferably in France, to enjoy the beauty of nature enhanced by the background of historical association. That our own country presents a magnificence not surpassed by Europe she fully agrees. No one more fervently admires the natural splendors of Yosemite Valley, the colossal outlines of Yellowstone Park, or the majesty of the Rocky Mountains than does this native Daughter of the Golden West. But centuries of human and art development add mellowness to a sunset and soften the beauty of a mountain peak, she thinks. Wherefore when we see Miss O'Neill's name annually on the sailing lists of trans-Atlantic steamers, we know that she goes to steep her soul in the beauties of a literally Old World.

Adelaide Prince in he

Henrietta Crosman in the Sierra Nevada Mountains

Lillian Russell thinks the place of small moment, but the manner of spending the vacation paramount. Miss Russell believes that the wear and tear of an arduous season's inevitable friction is tremendous. This, she is confident, should be repaired by resting in a retreat for six weeks after the close of the season. The term "sanitarium" she thinks obnoxious. She prefers for these places of physical re-building the term "health hotels." She wants for tired players sun parlors and wide, cool verandas, nine or ten hours' sleep at night, and a nap at mid-day. She wants rest of mind, absolute freedom from care, supplemented by electric baths. When six weeks of this re-building has been done, she thinks the player may go where he listeth for the rest of his vacation.

As Frances Starr set sail for a six weeks' jaunt in Europe last month, she observed, with a last

Robert Edeson's summer home, "Strongheart House," Long Island

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo) while touring Asia

VACATION SEASON

homesick glance at the jagged skyline of New York roofs: "Duty takes me to Europe. Pleasure would keep me in the country in America." To the mind of this young but thoughtful star the duty of seeing European plays and studying the history of Europe on the spot is amply discharged by a journey across seas every third year.

launch at Delaware Water Gap

Otis Skinner is as indeterminate as the nomadic "Harvester" he created in this country. A year ago he spent his vacation developing a brand new garden at his home "The Latch String," in Bryn Mawr, and it was only when the garden's life ended beyond hope of resurrection in October, that he made a three-weeks' trans-Atlantic crossing.

Quite unlike this was the preceding summer, when he sailed for Marseilles, made his way through the Riviera to Venice, then through the Dolomites by foot and by carriage, spent a week at Oberammergau, another in Hohenschwanger, made a carriage trip by easy stages through the Engadine, spent a month at Pontresina, a week at Regatz, thence proceeded in leisurely fashion through Germany and home. This active summer was preceded by one of *dolce far niente* in a cottage on Cape Cod, which, in turn, was the successor of a summer's fishing in the Maine woods.

The only certainty about his vacations is that they will be shared by Mrs. Skinner and their daughter, Cornelia, aged twelve and fast growing. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner make their plans late. Why worry about vacation until we have earned it? is their philosophy. There will be a vacation some time, just as we are sure to have a Fourth of July dinner, but why trouble about the menu before July third? From which one may conclude that Mr. Skinner's belief as to vacations is a broadly democratic one, that there is no best way, but that all are best ways according to the caprice of the player himself. Doubtless he would agree that the best vacation is a fine balance between the player's tastes and needs, between which there is not always a perfect correspondence.

Against this background of theories may be thrown the clear-cut figure of actors' recurrent vacations, as indicating their habits and preferences. Georgia Caine, with her husband, A. B. Hudson, goes again and again to Canada and Maine to hunt moose. She wears masculine attire, strides along beside her husband, bringing down as many moose as does he. The largest moose head in their Elmhurst, L. I., home is a trophy of her steady hand.

Kitty Gordon at Brighton, England

Henrietta Crosman seeks out the core of the heart of nature. When business connected with her starring required her to be near New York, she took a cottage on South Bay, and went sailing every day. But her taste for the open,

Georgia Caine, husband and guide, on a moose hunting trip in Canada

The late Deronda Mayo, Harry Woodruff, Blanche Bender, Frank Gilmore and Fred Thorne, at Siasconset, Mass.

Blanche Ring at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Douglas Fairbanks spends his holiday in the country with his little son

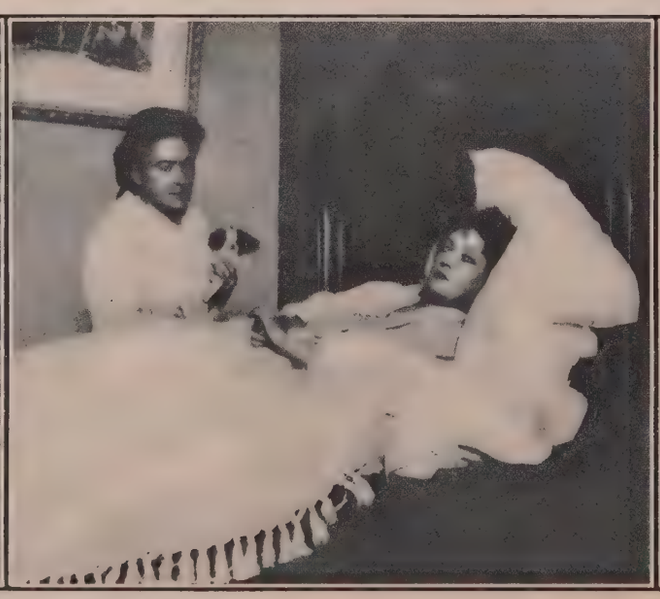
formed when she was an army girl, living at frontier posts with her father, Major Crosman, persists, and she enjoys most her summer stays in the wild region about Lake Tahoe, which marks the watershed on which transcontinental trains pause after their panting journey up the Sierra Nevada Mountains and before their breathless dash down to San Francisco. Miss Crosman lives in a cabin on the shore of Lake Tahoe, tramping every day among the pine woods, and riding up and down the dangerous slopes on the back of a sure-footed broncho.

Margaret Anglin, after a strenuous theatrical season, likes to literally try her hand at housekeeping, and when her tour ends in Nova Scotia in July, she will spend happy weeks settling in the new home at 67 East Ninety-third Street in New York, which theatrical exigencies demanded that she abandon for the road, just as she was moving into it. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo), find their house in the woods, at Harmon-on-the-Hudson, so attractive that they often linger there all summer, if work requires them to be within reach of the managerial voice from the city. If not, the beaten paths of Europe possess for them little attraction. They have heard the call of the East, and the steamship that carries them across the Atlantic usually carries them through the Mediterranean and places them on African or Asiatic shores Mr. Selwyn sought and found material for his "The Arab" while wandering with his wife through the desert that fringes Egypt.

Christie Macdonald, in search of a well-earned vacation, may run across to Paris to take a few vocal lessons, but her choice is to loaf the summer hours happily away at her brown villa among the trees of the Thousand Islands. Maria Baldini, on her first vacation in America, hastened to the Thousand Islands, taking Alexis Kosloff and the Russian pantomimist, Bulgakow, with her, defeating them for the croquet championship of Thousand Island Park. Mabel and Edith Taliaferro enjoy their European jaunts, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brooks and by Miss Clara Laughlin,

Rose Stahl off for Europe on the deck of S. S Cedric

John Findlay at his home on Staten Island



Blanche Bates and Lillian Russell taking a summer siesta

Maude Odell on the North Carolina coast

Marie Dressler's Farm in Vermont

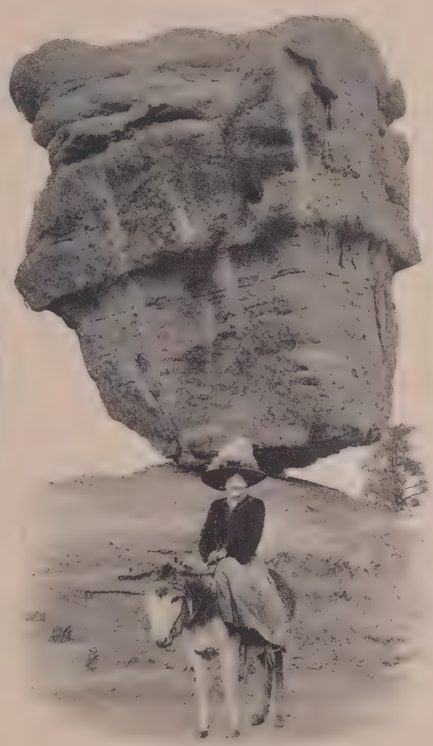
Christie MacDonald at the Thousand Islands

but scarcely more than their visit home—home being with their mother, Mrs. Taliaferro Abell, at Long Beach, on Long Island.

"Home," as the best vacation ground, has loyal advocates in Bijou Fernandez and her husband, W. L. Abingdon, who spend the summer quietly at their bungalow on Long Island Sound at Shippen Point, in Connecticut. Laura Burt and her husband, H. B. Stanford, find absolute rest and heartsease at Stanford Lodge, Great Kills, Staten Island. If tours bring them somewhere mid-continent, they hasten to Colorado Springs for restful weeks among the great boulders of that playground of the Titans, "The Garden of the Gods." "Home" calls Maude Odell to her old North Carolina home on the seashore, where she lives in the surf and on the sand. Robert Edeson hears the call of home and hurries to Strongheart Villa at Sag Harbor at his season's end. John Findlay's first task on reaching his home, the attractive cottage on Wall Street, at New Brighton, in Staten Island, is to mow the lawn and climb to the top of a seventy-year-old oak, to banish from its ancient trunk the devastating army of ants. "Home" for Blanche Bates is her hospitable farm at Ossining-on-the-Hudson. For Julia Dean it is the white house on the hill, so like an old-fashioned Southern home at Harmon, N. Y.; for Blanche Ring it is a modern country mansion at Mamaroneck. For Marie Dressler, it is a farm at Windsor, Vermont, a part of which she has generously set aside for the use of poor children from the cities, during the hot months. May Irwin's home, Irwin Castle, in the Thousand Islands, has for eighteen years been one of the objects of interest to sightseers cruising about the St. Lawrence. The half granite, half frame, structure is the finest home owned by a player in America.

ADA PATTERSON.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Smythe at Siasconset, Mass.



Laura Burt in the "Garden of the Gods"

Wilton Lackaye and his son at Shelter Island

Julia Dean (at right) on her lawn at Harmon, N. Y.

Julian Eltinge at his summer home, Port Salonga, L. I.

Photos White

MARGARET MORRIS MARIE BAXTER MARTHA WELLINGTON ELEANOR ST. CLAIR

Four pretty girls now appearing in Charles H. Hoyt's piece, "A Winsome Widow," at Ziegfeld's new Moulin Rouge

THE LONDON PIT

By ANTHONY H. EUWER

FROM the beginning of things the word "pit" has been associated with terror, temptation and damnation. Pitfall and seething pit, bottomless pit, and pit and pendulum, have ever been invoked to fill the soul with fright and dread. In the days of Elizabethan England the word "pit" took on another and a milder function. Scorned by the gentles and sought by the vulgar, it became a place where tradesmen and servants could regale themselves with the same intellectual wine as their masters, but from goblets of pewter instead of gold. Reeking with smoke and oaths and divers stenches, the pit of Shakespeare's London must still have held much of the old-time terror of the word for the sensitive, perfumed nobility. But for the plain people, those who knew no other world, it spelled recreation, sunshine and delight.

In the to-day of nineteen hundred and twelve, the odor and the odium of the English pit have long since gone, the recreation and the sunshine and delight remain. It is by all odds the most characteristic, the most individualizing feature of the London playhouse. At a small Anglo-American gathering one afternoon, an Englishman asked what did Americans consider the most distinctly British thing in England. Promptly an American woman said, "Tea! Without tea your British Empire would collapse." "Tea is not distinctly British," said another; "we, too, have our tea in America—when we wish it; and so do other countries. To me the most British institution, the most deeply ingrained and characteristic, is your pit."

The pit is the great second-class railway coach from which you may view the theatrical landscape with varying degrees of comfort and an unvarying degree of economy. We have nothing in America which approaches it, nothing in America with which you can parallel it—the second-class coach will not do, because we haven't any. You cannot say, "Have you seen this or have you seen that? If so, why then you'll know." Nothing of the sort; the only way to explain it to an American must needs be a definition in terms of itself: "The pit's the pit, and there you are."

But one thing I'll venture, if you hail from the States you will remember the pit long after you've forgotten about the plays—you will remember the big, clanky, Chinese-looking check that rattled over the brass sill of the little window as you put down your two-and-six, after you had wiggled through the tortuous twist at the end of the crowded way where you waited. And in the scramble which follows, the American reads to his satisfaction the unwritten slogan of all pitites—"as good as you deserve, and no man is better than his neighbor." Late-comers will stand, long-standers will sit.

As for me, I am tired but happy, for I have gained the coveted and maintain my pre-eminence in the front row. For to-night I came early—early enough to see our predecessors getting out from the matinée performance, and just early enough to fall in behind the little slant-capped messenger boys clustered about the entrance. Although a Yankee by birth, I have learned not to try and get ahead of these miniature officials—I might as well try to surprise the guards of Buckingham Palace. I am quite sure if you were to dig up the ground before these entrances, you would find clusters of messenger-boy roots just ready to sprout. They seem to come from nowhere, but like toad-stools they spring up in a night, always appear at the psychologic moment just before the people come. I believe I said a moment ago that in the pit no man is better than his neighbor. It was done without thinking. Now that I sit here with these little gentlemen at my side, I am aware that I have made a mistake. For are they not the paid mercenaries who are here to have and to hold against all comers—until that time when their patrician patrons shall arrive and they shall be dismissed with honorable fee? Sweet-faced, exasperating little cherubs, sturdy, unbudgable facts; proxies *pro tem* for those aloof few who stand for the very highest development of the pitite.

The Understudy

Bright and eager are her glances,
As she notes with tireless care,
Every pose and every action,
While the Leading Lady's there.

For a vision fair, enchanting,
Floats before her night and day—
Of a wire that shall inform her,
"Leading Lady called away."

Gowns of wondrous sort she fashions:
In her dreams her pulses thrill!
For she'll be the Prima Donna,
If the Leading Lady's ill.

Seas of eager faces haunt her:
Pleased, surprised,—they seem to say,
As they note her grace and beauty,
"Who's the Leading Lady, pray?"

But the Star is hale and hearty:
No one sends that hasty plea,
No one notes the budding genius:
Just the Understudy she!

—EVELYN WATSON.

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Who has been seen this season in Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox's novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

Just in front of me is a brass rail. As I gaze at it I try to comprehend its monumental meaning. In the whole British Empire there is only one other dividing line that approaches it in importance, and that is the meridian at Greenwich. But that line is purely imaginary, the brass rail is real. In America we have the Great Divide, a little ridge that makes the watershed of a continent. But I am wandering.

Superficially, this brass rail is the nation's social watershed, the line of acute demarcation that separates the low-neck gown from the high, the "boiled shirt and claw-hammer" from the plain-clothes man. Financially, it separates the man in front from his ten shillings and six, the one behind from his two-and-six. In the matter of artistic appreciation its separating function is of little value, and, like the meridian, becomes purely imaginary. And so I sit and view this pageant before me, happy as if I had paid ten bob to view the coronation from a four-guinea seat. This is because I know that in my own land, where there is no pit and it's all one price from front to back, this seat would cost two good American dollars. But there, if I chose, I could wear my plain clothes still, for an American pays his money for a specified location to view a specified performance—the rest is with himself. With him the nicer obligations which he may, or may not, owe to society are purely voluntary. He has not yet arrived at that place where these things become an unwritten law. Such things must be a gradual growth. An attempt to infringe on his liberty or to coerce his obligations would end in disaster. A brilliant example of this occurred in New York a year or so ago. A palatially appointed restaurant opened its doors in a blaze of glory. It was announced that evening dress was *de rigueur*. So generally was this resented that the dining public stayed away altogether, and in a few months the place went into the hands of a receiver. These things are not spoken in vaunting, but are merely a statement of conditions.

Photo Mishkin

R. HELEN LANGFORD
As Madge Rockingham in "Green Stockings"

Photo Sykes

Joshikawa (Henry Bergman)

Tira Hempel (Florence Fisher)

The police confront Tira with the alleged assassin

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE TYPHOON" AS PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

As for me, I am quite happy still. I am keenly alive to the joy of it all, for I love beautiful things. I love to see the audience of our Metropolitan Opera. Each London playhouse is an opera audience in miniature. Beautiful gowns are now appearing, and they are filled with splendid types of British women. Most strikingly beautiful, I think—and striking, too, because they are so plentiful—is that symphony of glorious color, the English blonde. Rare creature she, and much to be desired. The flush of her cheek and the tawny gold of her hair, I am pleased to fancy, do hold allegiance to God alone. From America over the sea I sit and listen to those voices rich in color, mellow with their musical cadence, and the conquest of this humble pitite is complete.

White

LEWIS WALLER AND GRACE LANE IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

The stalls are now rapidly filling. Strange how I am beginning to use that word "stalls" almost unconsciously. How rapidly this British metamorphosis takes place, once it has its hold on you. When I first saw the words outside on the bills, I had conjured up a sort of tall, canopied, mediæval booth with pennants flying, until I found it was just another name for what I had always called an orchestra seat. But I had had the same sensation a few days before, and was getting used to it—when I learned that I had been eating tarts all my life instead of pie, and had been drinking lemon-squash when I had thought it lemonade. Of course, I remembered the stalls of my boyhood—the places where horses and cattle were kept, but then I was sure it could be nothing like this, and so my imagination did its best and hit upon the canopy and pennants. Still, I know how my countryman from Grand Rapids felt when he got to the booking-office, and became so confused that he asked the price of a manager!

But back again to the pit where I belong; my patrician neighbors have rudely broken in upon my wanderings, and the three little gentlemen have dissolved into the elements as mysteriously as they took form. But how, oh! how did my enormous friend ever expect to get herself into the narrow space left by one little boy? At all events, she has done it. "So sorry," she says when she has finally settled, and I, with a half-dozen neighbors to my right, share her grief. And now comes the girl with the programs. I take one pleasantly and begin to read. Looking up, I see the young lady waiting with an indulgent smile. "So sorry to trouble you, but it's tuppence, please." With a rising flush, I hand her a shilling and take the change without looking. I wouldn't care if she hadn't given me any, for I know that I've queered myself beyond redemption. Everyone within earshot knows I'm either a thief or a new American, probably both. But it's really not my fault, it's just my misfortune. The only other time I ever paid for one was at an actor's benefit. There I gave a dollar and got no change. The program was merely a pretext for the extraction. And now my neighbor on the right undertakes to console me by telling me that I would have paid sixpence for it in front. He doesn't understand that it is my dignity that has suffered and not my purse. Still, he has added to my store of information, and the brass rail comes again into the limelight. He tells me it is the same with sweets and everything. At this, all memory of my recent disgrace is lost in a hearty chuckle. To think that those poor, dear, good people in front must pay three times as much as we do for the same identical things—the same identical service! The same maid carries her wares through the little gate—the little garden-gate in the brass rail, and immediately her stocks go up or down, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. But maybe this isn't so funny, either, for my friend doesn't laugh at all. Possibly it's because he's so accustomed to it, or possibly not. Possibly I'm a fool. But it reminds me of an old story, and I tell him of the farmer who was hoeing potatoes up in the mountain country. A stranger stopped and asked the price. He was told they were thirty cents a bushel. "Why, if you had those potatoes in the New York markets, you could get a dollar and a quarter for them," said the man. "Well," replied the farmer, "markets differs accordin' to locality. Take that lake over there—if I had that in hell I could get a dollar and a quarter a pint fur it." This broke the spell, and the curtain went up.

The first act is over. The pit relaxes, yawns, stretches itself

and walks about. Many of the men disappear. Now there is a hubbub, followed by a general clatter. The little tray-loads of teapots, milk, sugar and sandwiches have arrived. This is all so new to me that I am several minutes taking it in. I have decided that I like it. It takes away the last traces of formality and brings us all closer together into a sort of family party. Every body passes things along to everybody else. The pit has become a kind of water-bucket brigade to quench the flames of thirst that have sprung up in all quarters. A tray-load of empty dishes has just reached me from some one in the end of our pew, and I am to give it to the maid. But there is no maid, the lights go out, and I am lost. I stoop over to squeeze it into a space on the floor at my feet, but I am too late. The space on both sides those worthy members has been pre-emptied by other trays. I cannot move, I breathe circumspectly, I try to let them settle noiselessly on my lap. On the stage the plot is thickening. The moment is a tense one. The lover's lingering kiss has touched our deepest heart strings, but I feel that there is something slipping on my lap. I am a lover of the drama in its highest form. I revere it. I know it is in my power to make or mar that scene. In the darkness I clutch softly, convulsively, and save the slipping teapot. Again, as the moonlight falls over the castle wall, the lover snatches his fair one from foul, impending doom. I have always thought it noble to rescue maidens in distress, and here I want to give vent to my feelings, but I cannot. Instinctively, in a good old American way, I think to pound with my feet; but, by reason of the two trays, this, too, is denied me. At last the curtain descends in a tumult of applause. But I knew what the house in all its turbulent enthusiasm did not know—would never know. In true theatric phrase I knew that what had been enacted there was my scene—that through me alone had been preserved that uninterrupted flow of beauty and that through my heroic self-sacrifice I had kept it, together with the dishes on my lap, from literally going to pieces. And here, on second thought, I take my hat off to you, Britannia; your tea drinking is indeed a marvelous institution.

I have recounted some of my impressions of the pit on the inside. Let us now turn to the outside, where the long, patient column awaits the moment when the pit-monster shall open the doors of its mouth and gulp it down. Here in the crowd that waits you may, if you have a mind, study national characteristics; and in the little moving pageant who do their penny "stunts" for their regalement, you may study the elements of comedy and tragedy—mostly the latter.

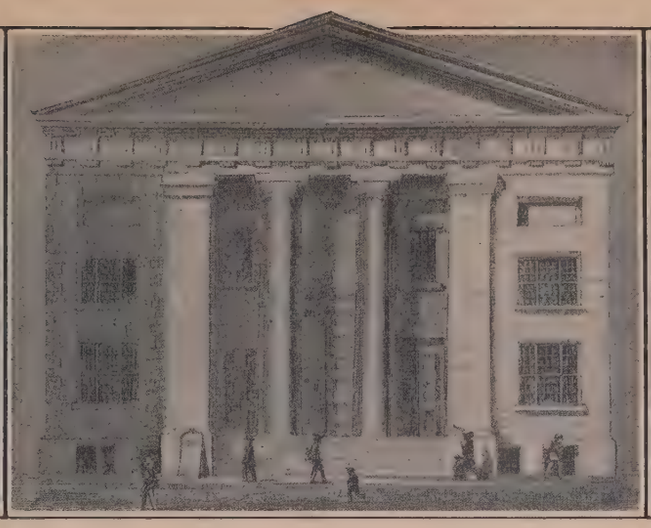
It has always been a matter of interest to me to note the way in which Dame Nature endows her creatures for varying functions and environments. The wings of the eagle for its undisputed life of freedom, the hind legs of the kangaroo for those marvelous leaps, and that well-planted, splendidly proportioned British foot—how it seems to have been thought out and constructed with special reference to protracted seasons of tireless, interminable standing. Whether or not in this case the circumstances developed the member, or the member anticipated the circumstance,

(*Continued on page vi*)

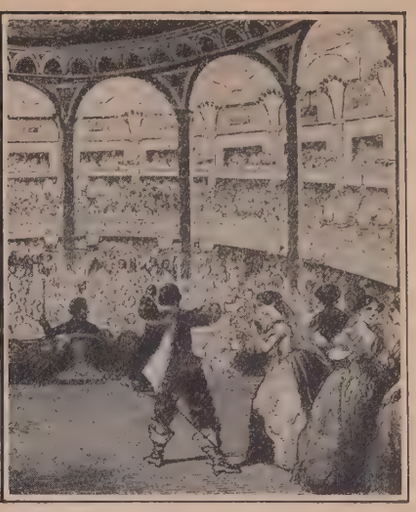
Moffett, Chicago

MILLICENT EVANS
Appearing as Sadie Small in the Chicago production of "Officer 666"

The Second Park Theatre in 1830



One of the first New York Theatres, afterward known as The Bowery



Interior of Castle Garden in 1850

FORGOTTEN THEATRES OF NEW YORK CITY

IT would be difficult nowadays to reproduce the old-time theatrical atmosphere of New York—as difficult as it would be to take the theatrical centre away from Forty-second Street and transport it again to the Battery or to Park Row. In the Wall Street district, Trinity stands as guardian of the past, and around Printing House Square there are still to be seen the old-fashioned features of the Astor House and St. Paul.

But New York is a city of constant changes, and with the shift of population, together with the tearing down of buildings for the modern steel structure, theatre sites have disappeared, and busy feet now tread unknowingly over ground once dedicated to pleasure. Even people shopping along Twenty-third Street never for an instant think of looking in a nook outside of a well-known drygoods store for the bust of Shakespeare, marking the old Booth's Theatre. And soon Daly's and Wallack's will disappear in the wake of the Madison Square.

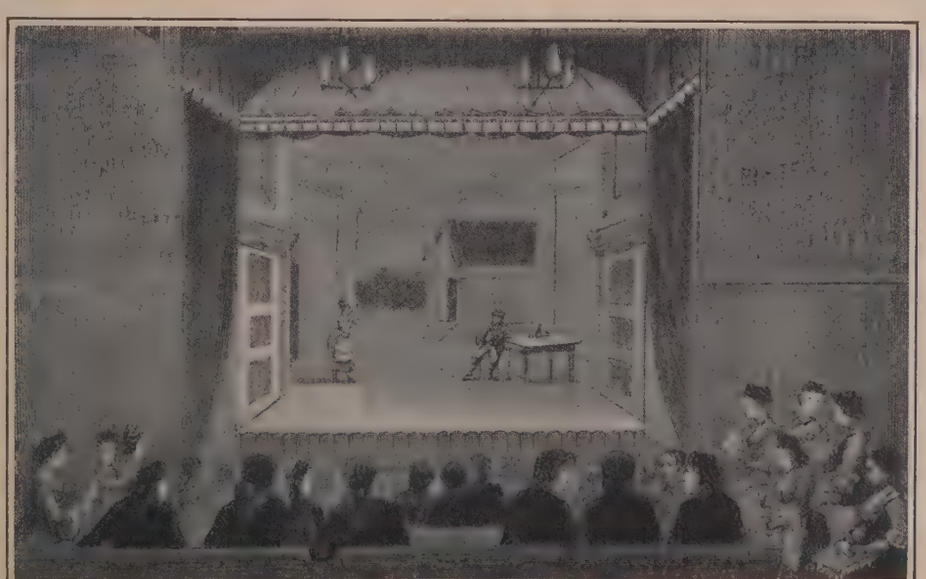
Theatres have crept up Broadway from the Battery, resting awhile at the parks, just long enough to allow business interests to catch up with them and drive them away. First came Battery Park, resounding to the voice of Jenny Lind. Then came City Hall Park, with the tradition of Thomas Cooper. Then followed Union Square with the prestige of Wallack and Palmer. Within the memory of the present, Madison Square, Herald Square, and Times Square have each gained their theatrical distinction. The unfortunate condition now is that most of the playhouses in the city are too new for any distinctive tradition.

Even the morning papers have changed in their functions, and the dramatic critics of the present are of different training from those of the past. That may be because one now fully realizes that drama-fashions alter as well as the fashions of dress. The plays put before the Broadway critic to-day, in his conventional dress-suit, are entirely different in scope and technique from the plays that used to be offered to the critical judgment of Park Benjamin, Epes Sargent, Charles Fenno Hoffman, J. G. Brooks, Theodore S. Fay, N. P. Willis, and George P. Morris, who were familiar "first nighters" at the Park Theatre. Then it was that people used to consult the columns of the *Mirror, The Commercial Advertiser, The Courier and Enquirer,* and *The Spirit of the Times,* for the opinions of these high-stocked gentlemen of the press.

It is interesting to dwell on reminiscences; they preserve the very spirit of the past. When John Brougham first came to America, he used to drive out into the country to the old reservoir, where now stands the New York Public Library. When Fanny Kemble lived at the Astor House—the Park Theatre being just across the way—she often drove to an inn, located somewhere in the heart of Central Park. When Tyrone Power—the grandfather of the present actor of that name—was in New York, prior to the ill-fated voyage homeward on *The President,* which went down at sea, he used to parade with fashion up and down Broadway below Canal Street. New York lived downtown; that was why the theatres were there.

When the city's population was slightly over seven thousand, some actors from London took a room at the juncture of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane, where, during September, 1733, they fitted themselves with a raised platform and a few seats. Thus furnished, they set forth on a season of repertory, consisting of "Cato," "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux's Stratagem."

The New York *Gazette,* dated February 26, 1750, announced the arrival of some comedians from Philadelphia. This company took convenient rooms, with the determination to stay a whole season, provided they met with encouragement. On March 5th, "Richard III" was the bill, with Kean and Murray. Their theatre was a wooden building on the East side of Kip Street, now Nassau, between John Street and Maiden Lane. The property belonged to the Hon. Rip Van Dorn, once Governor of the Province of New York. How different that street appears to-day!



INTERIOR OF THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK

A curious custom in vogue at that time is mentioned on a programme of the John Street Theatre: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." The performance began at six, so for two hours and longer the front seats of the boxes were occupied by negroes and negresses of every age, waiting for their masters and mistresses

Fortunately for these strolling players, their experiment was a success; a motley crew they must have been, since a benefit was given during the course of their second season for an actor who had just served his time in prison. There was some pretension to this house of amusement; there is extant a graphic description of the chandelier, consisting of a suspended hoop, through the circumference of which numberless nails were

White NANCY AVRIL
Playing Queenie St. Maur in "The Prosecutor"

driven as candle-holders. This was the first Nassau Street Theatre, where "The Spanish Friar," Otway's "The Orphan," Gay's "Beggar's Opera," and other plays were presented, and Tom Kean met favor with the theatre-goers who lived under the mayoralty of Edward Holland. Clinton was Governor, and George III was King.

Hallam's Nassau Theatre, the first one to be erected in the colonies, was opened September 17, 1753, after diverse misfortune and opposition. While in Virginia he had sent a Mr. Upton to New York to prepare for his coming, but that gentleman had appropriated the money, had organized a company of his own, had thrown himself upon the slender mercy of the public, and had finally skipped the country. Then Hallam found himself opposed by the magistrates of the city who refused him a license. But the actor made written appeal to the public, therein stating that his company were not like ordinary actors, but were honest in their outward dealings, and well behaved in their manners. The season ended in 1754, "Romeo and Juliet" having met with much favor, and the players receiving shares in the profits. Thereafter the site was bought by a church.

It was Hallam's widow who married David Douglass, manager of a theatre at Cruger's wharf. This extended from Pearl Street into the East River, between Old and Coenties' Slip, and near the present Front Street. Inasmuch as Mayor Cruger was of the opinion that the theatre was not the best influence for the morals of the city, Douglass had a difficult time to obtain a license, but he likewise made written appeal, and popular opinion won him his suit. The theatre was opened Dec. 28, 1758. This actor fluctuated between New York and Philadelphia, and in 1761 opened a new theatre at the southwest corner of Nassau and Chapel Streets (now Beekman). The place was very small, and during the Stamp Act riots it was demolished by the mob. "Hamlet" was here given for the first time in America, Nov. 26, 1761, and here also was adopted the rule that "no gentleman be allowed at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in either the stage or upper boxes." Let the busy broker of today realize that while people were theatre-going in this small house, the papers were busy lauding the new St. Paul's Church which, when it was dedicated on Oct. 31, 1766, stood in the midst of fields.

The John Street Theatre, on the north side of that street, and about six doors from Broadway, opened on Dec. 7, 1767, with "The Beaux's Strata-

Sarony CARROL McCOMAS
Plays ingenue rôles with John Drew

Moffett VALESKA SURATT
Appearing on the road in "The Red Rose"

Mishkin EMILY LEA
Appearing with "The Follies Bergère" Co.

White DOLLE DALNERT
Appearing at the Winter Garden

White

MR. ARNOLD DALY RECITING OSCAR WILDE'S "BALLAD OF READING GAOL"

Mr. Daly gave his interpretation of this famous poem at a series of matinées during the spring. Throughout the twenty minutes he scarcely moved, but by the force of his reading held his audiences for the entire time. The stage represented the dimly-lighted cell. From one side a beam of light shot down, which showed him in arrowed convict clothes, seated on the rough table. The version of the poem used was by Mr. Robert Ross, Wilde's friend and literary executor

Moffett

RUTH CHATTERTON, NOW APPEARING AS CYNTHIA IN "THE RAINBOW" AT THE LIBERTY

gem," with Hallam and Henry in the bill. It will be remembered that Henry was the original Sir Peter Teazle in America. This theatrical company existed by permission of His Excellency the Governor, and presented a Shakespearian and post-Elizabethan repertory. The old wooden playhouse, set a little back from the street-line, continued in its career until the Revolution turned the colonists' thoughts upon graver topics. By suggestion of Congress, on Oct. 24, 1774, all places of amusement were ordered closed, and it is strange to say that George Washington, an inveterate "first-nighter," brought down upon him the disfavor of his associates, because he was actually seen in his stall after the governmental mandate had gone forth!

When the British occupied the city in 1777, they seized the little John Street Theatre, changing its name to the Theatre Royal, and they set Major André to work for them. He not only turned dramatist, but taking off his red coat, he painted scenery and ornamented a drop curtain. In fact, for many years after, that curtain was preserved as a reminder of past days. After the war, the playhouse opened again and Washington returned to his amusement. Hallam and Henry redecorated their place, and we are told by contemporary writers that the ladies of the period had to reduce the size of their headgear in order to enter their sedan chairs with ease. The managers ran to comedy and met success in "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals." It was in 1787, on April 18th, that Royal Tyler's "The Contrast" was given, the first American play by an American to be produced.

Thomas Wignell now joined the company, which included likewise the eccentric Mrs. Morris. Of the latter the historian, Brown,* writes that she was "tall, handsome, reserved to mysteriousness, and so averse to being seen by daylight that she had a gate made from her lodgings in Maiden Lane, to enable her to get to the theatre by running across John Street, without walking around through Broadway and exposing herself to the gaze of the beaux."

An incipient riot took place at the John Street Theatre in February, 1797, when Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Hodgkinson, both being on the stage at the same time, the former accused the latter of using treacherous means of forcing her to retire. This house of amusement held prestige until 1798. In passing, we note Rickett's Circus and the Greenwich Street Theatre, near the Battery, which was opened in 1795, its chief distinction being that Cooper appeared there in "Venice Preserved."

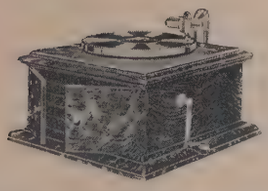
The Old Park Theatre is perhaps the most famous theatrical centre of lower Broadway. The property was owned by John Jacob Astor, and those regularly seen in the stage boxes were Philip Hone, Mayor W. K. Paulding, Dr. John W. Francis, and Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia College. Though the house was opened with difficulty by Hodgkinson and Hallam on Jan. 29, 1798, the chief manager of distinction was William Dunlap, who was as instrumental in the effort to build the playhouse as he was in assisting S. F. B. Morse to erect the National Academy of Design, then located at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets.

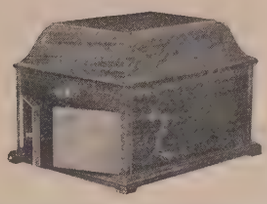
Let us emphasize that theatrically those were the days of giants, when actors who sought engagements had to face the stately persons of Edmund Simpson, J. H. Caldwell, J. H. Hackett, W. R. Blake, Sol Smith, and W. E. Burton. For twenty-two years the theatre held sway. To the sophisticated present it must sound strange on the ear to hear that doors were opened at five of the clock, and that the first curtain was drawn at 6:15. Furthermore, if the quality wished boxes reserved for them, they needs must send their servants some while in

(*Continued on page vii*)

*I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to T. Allston Brown's scrapbooks, as well as to his exhaustive newspaper history of the stage in New York.

Victor-Victrola





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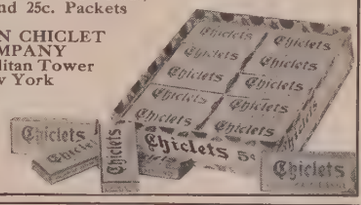

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THE LONDON PIT

(*Continued from page* 196)

I do not know; but the beautiful balance between them must be obvious to the most superficial observer. From one hour to two hours and a quarter is the average wait of this human column. Night after night they stand there, and I observe the national trait of patience and long-suffering in the making. In restless, fidgety America these things could not be. It could never grow into a habit. The lunatic asylums would be doubled in a few months. But a man has just come with camp-chairs for thrippence. A few avail themselves, but the man is ignored by the many—it is a matter of pride, this standing. A private motor has just stopped at the curb, and three girls step out. In another moment they have welded themselves in the end of the column where I am standing. Their conversation is most interesting, and I learn that the pit is an old story to them. Whereupon the pit assumes a new function. It is an ideal overflow place for heart-to-heart confidences, long-pent emotions or frivolous pleasantries. Have you some priceless nugget of scandal, a life's tragedy, or a gnawing ambition, come early and whisper it here. A little way over a man with a fountain-pen is using his time to write letters. Several others have brought books to read, and they are doing it with a vengeance. Now and then the crowd shifts the weight of its body to the other leg. Of course, you are not aware of the movement, for each one is a law unto himself. But all these things have to do with the inner and the subjective—the self-sufficient phase of the crowd-individual. Simultaneously there is going on a continuous run of "turns," that for ingenious individuality and infinite variety, if you have a mind to see it so, are vastly more entertaining than the hackneyed offerings of the music-hall stage. But, unlike the music-hall, you pay—*if* you pay—optionally and what you choose. And you pay for one of three reasons: out of pity and compassion, as a reward for a really deserving "stunt," or out of sheer thankfulness that the performer has finished. No, there is another reason still—some pay because they have no will to refuse, and are bullied into it by the outstretched hand that declines to move on. For instance, I have seen a certain gaunt individual pass along the crowd with the left palm outstretched, and on it was a box of matches. He wore dark glasses, and had a mysterious, half-hypnotizing way of riveting his eye upon you. No word was ever spoken; he would gather many pennies, but seldom was the box of matches taken in exchange. I was told that when business was dull he heightened the effect by appearing with a bandaged limb and a crutch, but could be seen an hour or so later entering a pub and swinging the crutch in his hand. This man was a noted crook, but rendered himself immune from police interference because he was never known to beg in the technical sense.

A long, thin, interrogation-shaped creature now appears and saws excruciatingly on a battered violin. A wit beside me, who sees not the tragedy, likens her to a conventionalized bed-slat. She does not know these coins are pity-pennies. She feels that she has the makings of a great artist, and that one day, if she plays but long enough, gleaming fate will snatch her up to a place of honor, as it has done with the little lad Jan Kubelik discovered. Then there's a little old man with a great, gaping hole in the top of his fiddle. His beard just fits into it, and he starts on "The Heart Bowed Down."

A youth appears, seats himself on a single-sticked stool, and produces a peculiar, long-necked instrument with a single string. Then he delivers himself of the "Lost Chord." He might have done better with two or three or four strings, but he is a specialist, and believes in doing one thing well. Here comes a man, and we make guesses as to his mission. When he has finished you have had a tabloid lecture on the general history of Europe for the last fifty years. Dates, incidents and names have been hurled at you in a six-minute harangue of parrot-like perfection! He is followed by a lad who can throw his legs backward over his shoulders till his ankles clasp his chin. A broken-down and battered mummer now takes the breach and recites "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." This man may have played Hamlet once—who can tell? A cracked-voiced individual begs your pardon for just a minute while she sings the humorous ballad of "Maggie Murphy's Flat." A little lad, with a yellow wig and a side-to-side motion like a caged panther, has some more ballads for you. You turn your head for a moment, and the song suddenly stops. A bobby has appeared, and, in the name of the law, bids him cease. He always

seems to turn up at the wrong time, this little chap, when the bobby happens to be near. He's always being stopped, and his voice is one of the best. But he always manages to pass his hat around just the same, and merit, garnished with good-natured sympathy, brings in a goodly store. Were I not a believer in the incorruptibility of municipal service, I might conceive the possibility of this same bobby's share in the profits for his timely interruption. On the other hand, my observation merely goes to show how there are people mean enough to misconstrue the noblest actions.

And so we see the pit in another light—as the bureau of many charities. The pavement in front becomes a clearing-house for all kinds and conditions of artistic effort. There fledgeling youth, wrapped in its visions of unconquered fields of glory, may have its first flutterings. Way-worn minstrels there may play or sing or dance in the hope of brighter days. There many an ancient mariner, with skinny hand, may tell his harrowing tale. Some one has aptly said that heaven on earth is to have the work you like and be well paid for it. If this be so, then the pavement-space before us must mean a heaven for many; for, all things considered, the pit-artist is oft-times a very well-paid individual. His performances are not limited to one, but maybe six, eight or ten of an evening. When his cap has been passed, he "hikes it" for another show-place. A remarkable instance was told me of a man whose act was impersonations of famous people. For several months he was not seen on his regular rounds, until one evening he appeared again with the old turn. He had been picked up by a manager and had been doing the music-halls through the provinces. When congratulated on his great, good fortune, he smiled. The music-hall game was not what it was cracked up to be—as a matter of fact, it was not to be reckoned with pit-work at all; for, after all the expenses were paid, he had much less showing for his week's work than formerly. After his brief span of glory, he was quite content to come back to the old job of making faces and collecting his salary on the spot. To be sure, it had its drawbacks—not so inspiring to do your life's work before people who might be paying no attention to you, or to be tapped on the shoulder in the middle of your performance and be told to move on—still, these things, he guessed, he could get used to again.

Outside and inside, the English pit is a great institution. As an artistically inclined, somewhat economical, lounge-suited cosmopolitan, I like the English pit. I like the messenger boys and the front row and the brass rail and the tea and the sweets; and the programs for tuppence I think I could learn to like in time. The same with the long wait and the folk who entertain. I wish America could hold still enough to learn how to use a pit. I wish it had many of them—we'd all be better for it.

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FORGOTTEN THEATRES

(*Continued from page 200*)

advance of them to secure seats. The theatre was situated in Park Row, two hundred feet north of Ann Street, on lots numbered 21, 23, 25. It was a stone building, rather pretentious in its interior decoration, as the early impressions of Fanny Kemble will attest. There was a lobby with fires at both ends, and the color scheme was aglow in pink and gold. The rules and regulations were strict, for ladies were unable to sit in the first or second tier unless they were accompanied by gentlemen. Managers might well deplore the salaries paid to-day when they stop to consider that actors of such magnitude as Cooper only received a weekly stipend of thirty-two dollars, even though he might boast of the distinction of being the first male "star" in America. This actor's tomb may be seen in the churchyard of St. Paul's, the stone having been erected by Kean, and repaired at various times by Charles Kean and E. A. Sothern. When first interred in this spot, so famed the memory of this actor that Dr. Francis recovered the skull as a memento and Kean himself secured a bone of the forefinger.

The glories of the house form a part of theatrical history. Within its walls at different times might be seen the dramatist, John Howard Payne, General Harrison, and President Munroe. On May 25th, 1820, after the performance, the house caught on fire and was burned to the ground.

It was rebuilt and opened on September 1, 1821, under the name of the New Park, running through to what was known as Theatre Alley. Its

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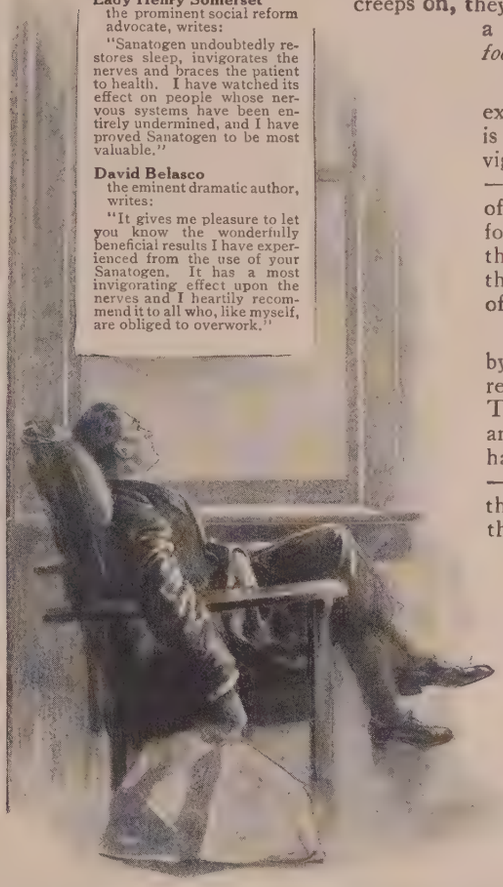

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chief distinction was that it could boast of oil lamps and three chandeliers. Here held forth Peter Richings—a man so like George Washington in feature and bearing that he sat for the General's portrait. Here J. B. Booth, Henry Placide and Edmund Kean attracted the multitude. In fact, all that is best in the American traditions of the theatre started here. Old programs contain the names of J. H. Hackett, Macready, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Clara Fisher, Wallack, Forrest, Fanny Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, Murdoch, Charles Matthews and John Brougham. Here Mrs. Mowatt made a name for herself, "Richelieu" was presented for the first time, Dr. Bird's "Jack Cade" started on a successful career, and New York received Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

Historians of the city are careful to indicate that Theatre Alley ran between Ann and Beekman Streets. In 1846, Col. Mann erected the Broadway Theatre, and this house was the cause of the decline of the Park. In 1852, the last vestige of the famous amusement centre was removed, and the cornerstone was rescued by a restaurant owner for the edification of his guests.

The first summer theatre in the city was the Mt. Vernon Gardens, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. These gardens were quite the fashion around 1830. It is only necessary to note the Contoit Garden, the Vauxhall Gardens on the west side of the Bowery, near Broome Street; the Bowling Green Garden, between Warren and Greenwich Streets, and famed for a period as the rallying point for New York's Dutch settlers. Then on the Bloomingdale Road, near what is now Woodlawn, was the Strawberry Hill House.

Barnum's Museum was on the west side of Chambers Street, where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" held sway for some time. Then there was the Broadway Circus on the east side of Broadway, at the corner of White Street. The Anthony Street Theatre, upon the site of which was afterwards built a church, was near Broadway, on what is now Worth Street, and here Kean appeared in "The Jew of Malta."

Chatham Garden and Theatre was on the north side of Chatham Street, between Duane and Pearl, running through to Augustus Street, which is now City Hall Place. This playhouse was also destined to be converted into a home of worship, but not until after it had been managed by men who are now famed. Tom Placied, Henry Wallack, J. B. Booth and J. H. Hackett were in control at different times.

The reader who has perchance visited the New York Aquarium will be told that this was once the famous Castle Garden, wherein Jenny Lind, during 1850, electrified music lovers.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

A Stage Manager Who Can Act

(*Continued from page* 184)

methods, due to his experience as a producer, Mr. Reicher when he steps upon the stage forgets all the technique of his art, as a pianist at a recital, his five finger exercises. Fronting the footlights, he employs the simplest methods. It is his creed, further enunciated, that "the quiver of an eyelash should be felt in the farthest gallery."

"The secret of any acting, which makes demands on the intellectual emotions," Mr. Reicher states, "is to be found in the preface that Mr. MacKaye wrote for 'The Scarecrow.'"

"The Scarecrow, Ravensbane, is pitiful as the emblem of human bathos. Compared with our own ideas of human perfection, what human rubbish we are. Of what incongruous elements are we constructed by time and inheritance, wherewith to realize the reasonableness, the power, the altruism of our dreams. What absurdity is our highest consummation? Yet the sense of our common deficiency is, after all, our salvation. There is one reality which is a basic hope for the realization of those dreams. This sense is human sympathy which is, it would seem, a more searching critic of human frailty than satire. It is the growth of this sense which dowers with dignity and reality the hollowest and most ludicrous of mankind, and becomes, in such, a fundamental grace of character."

It was his conception of the part of "The Scarecrow" that first drew Mr. Winthrop Ames' attention to Mr. Reicher's extraordinary talent, and it is his work in "The Pigeon," which has led to the contract that will probably engage his talent in leading rôles at The Little Theatre for a long time to come. Mr. Ames is now in Europe looking about for new plays in London, Paris and Berlin. He expects to find among these something that will give Mr. Reicher a broader scope than he has yet enjoyed.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

A NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY

(Continued from page 176)

calumniator summoned to court, and Mérital, willingly or unwillingly, will have to prove that the tale is a lie. The attack, which comes once, at least, to every politician, now menaces Mérital.

The second act passes four months afterwards at Blois, Mérital's electoral district. The suit for slander is on, his political opponents howl for his downfall, his friends are not to be found. At Mérital's the children are tormented by doubt; after all, they know little about their father's past; they remember only his triumphs, his prosperous days; he has never told them of the struggles and miseries of his beginnings. The mere idea that their father could have been culpable is inadmissible, but is not his reserve about his past equivocal? Renée, Renée alone believes absolutely in Mérital's integrity, past, present and future. She alone awaits with composure the verdict which the justice of men will be obliged to render.

Mérital is not so assured. He has sent his faithful secretary to bring Frepeau to Blois by force, if necessary, for he must have a complete explanation from his political friend. The "grand homme" comprehends too well what modern justice is, particularly when it is complicated with political interests. The crisis is one of life or death. From the moment the attack was brought against him Mérital saw facts clearly; he knew that the man who published the original story was a man of straw, one man only could have paid this editor to rake up the scandal, and that was Frepeau, whose political interests and ambitions have clashed with his own. Mérital has spent his time and money in uncovering Frepeau's duplicity, and the time is ripe to expose it. But Mérital knows, also, that justice is a vain comedy, useless to appeal to it, and he must rely upon his ability to intimidate Frepeau. His safety, therefore, depends upon the result of this interview.

Here occurs the second great scene of the play, again a scène à deux, long drawn, as we would surely find it in an English drama, but broken by Bernstein's adroit knowledge of the stage. In this scene Guitry was a new man—cold, intellectual, threatening; he awaited the duel with anguish; he fought it with consummate tact and power.

Mérital conquers in this duel between two practical politicians. It could not be otherwise; his is the stronger, or the more brutal, soul. Point after point in Frepeau's defense he bears down by mere weight, and when the victory—it can hardly be called a moral one—is gained, Frepeau promises to remove the original defamer from the jurisdiction of the court. All compromising documents are to be destroyed. Mérital's tactics are so adroit that Frepeau goes to the task of muzzling justice, almost persuaded that he is doing it because he is Mérital's fast friend. The act closes with the judicial marionettes dancing when Mérital pulls the strings. His skirts are clear of mud; as a politician he is almost apotheosized.

If this play held strictly to its definite title it would end with the second curtain. The attack has failed, and with this dénouement—an absorbing one, too—this piece would resemble the other plays of Bernstein—the masculine, strong and violent plays that asked for, and required, no more than one theme. But here, at the third act, begins a new theme, more profound, more moving than the other one, to which the author's first title, "La Montée" would be more applicable. Mérital has defended himself without scruple, using every means in his power against the attacks of the crowd. He has opposed intrigue to intrigue, lie to lie. Against the malice of men, and the pitilessness of law, he has fought and won. His children share his feverish triumph, only Renée is puzzled. Not for a single moment did she suppose that the man she loved could be guilty. She has awaited the issue with calm, but she wonders why he is not as calm. Suddenly in his excited harangue Mérital stops speaking, and weighs this complete confidence, this utter loyalty. To abuse so much loyalty and confidence is beyond him. What Mérital would not confess to anyone—certainly not to his children—spontaneously, irrepressibly he avows to Renée. "Yes, he is guilty; yes, years ago, when he saw his young wife in misery he stole 4,000 francs from his employer. He was not prosecuted, but discharged. At Paris he suffered, but franc by franc he saved the money and paid back his peculation."

This scene of confession is the third scene "for two" in "L'Assaut." Mérital adds that he was obliged to defend himself, his name, the future of his children, her future, Renée's, by question-

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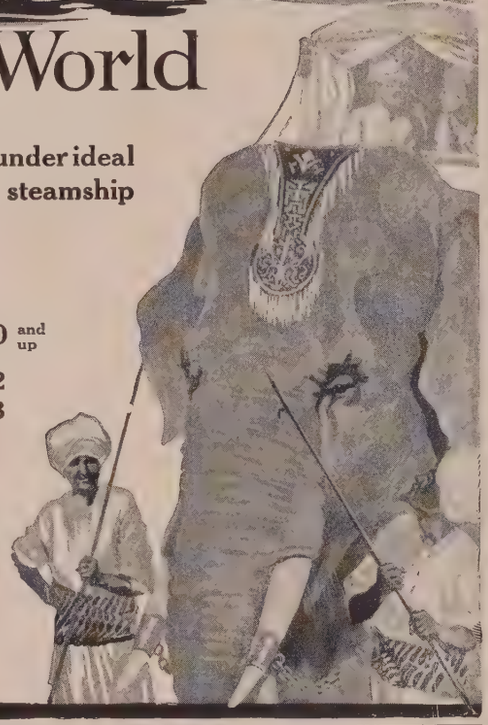

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able means. Little by little the play has emerged from the sordid region of "dirty" politics until it rests on a question of conscience. The change comes like a surprise, but an agreeable surprise. It is so spontaneous that it almost seems as if the author had been himself surprised by the unexpected turn, and that he works for the remaining minutes under the spur of powerful inspiration. In the revelation that Mérital now makes to Renée in a long, long monologue, we are carried along without making resistance, just as we were in the second act of "The Thief." Our moral perceptions are blunted; we pity Mérital so deeply that we are glad justice—man's blind justice—has been defeated.

How does the noble, trusting, confiding girl receive this confession of her "grande homme"? It might very well be that the moral obliquity of her idol would dampen her enthusiasm where his age and physique had failed. It might very well be that to replace her statue on its pedestal Renée would demand a public avowal, a complete expiation. Bernstein, however, did not construct Renée with a Puritan conscience; he did not write "L'Assaut" as a psychological study, and he knew well that the Parisians, provided they were moved and fired, would not accuse him of a lack of artistic confidence. Audiences have been moved and fired; they have found no fault with the conclusion. Renée takes Mérital's trembling hand: "I love you, I love you," she murmurs. Mérital's children enter and expiate the doubt they could not help feeling by confessing it. Their wish is that now their father may enjoy the greatest happiness. Mérital, indicating Renée, who has brought this happiness to him, says: "Embrace her."

WILLIS STEELL.

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(*Continued from page 172*)

announces that he has brought his wife with him to London, that she is now at his hotel attended by physicians and nurses in the anticipation of an heir to his affections and fortune, and that the heir will necessarily be a boy. The young spendthrift is thus forced to look about for a rich marriage, and his backers bring him in contact with American heiresses and other eligibles; but he really loves a simple maiden without a dowry. In the meanwhile, the uncle parades around pushing a baby cart. After various comical vicissitudes, the old uncle appears and announces that he has discovered that the simple maiden is the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he gives his consent to their marriage. He also explains that his story of being married and having a boy to inherit his estate was pure invention. It would be easy to urge that the conduct of the rich uncle in the opera was too improbable to have ever happened in real life, but there is no question that the performance left the conviction that the two young people did inherit all the old man's property without any conditions attached, and lived happily ever after. There was love between them in the love songs and love in their tripping feet, so there was no doubt about it. There was a final waltz also that was absolutely conclusive of a happy ending. A vocal offering to the "Moon, Lovely Moon," was perhaps the best number among the lyrics, which, it may be added, are by Robert B. Smith, the book as adapted being, as a matter of course, by Harry B. Smith. Adrienne Augarde is the Rose Maid, a piquant personality, adequate in voice. The people of the cast are entirely capable of what is required of them, and, on the whole, the opera has more pleasing qualities than are found in most comic operas of the day.

CASINO THEATRE. "TWO LITTLE BRIDES." Musical comedy in two acts from the German of Willner and Wilhelm. Adapted by Gustave Kerker. Book and lyrics by Arthur Anderson, James T. Powers and Harold Atteridge. Produced April 23 with the following cast:

King of Wurtenburg, Arthur Clough; Count Boris, Walter Lawrence; Prince Petroff, George Paunefort; Vodka, Sherman Wade; Gen. Audrey, Tom Ferris; A Corsican, Louis London; Mons. Deschamps, Oscar Schwartz; Captain, Edgar Bryde; High Priest, Frank Williams; Footman, Edward Stanley; The Mayor, Harry Sulkin; The Councilman, Joe Wells; The Waiter, Dave Manser; Honorka, Frances Cameron; Tajana, Leila Hughes; Vendetta, Flavia Arcaro; Princess Athanasia, Helene Sallinger; Lucille, Melissa Ten Eyck; Polycarp Ivanovitch, James T. Powers.

That James T. Powers, Arthur Anderson and Harold Atteridge should combine their energies in writing the book and lyrics of "Two Little Brides," and that previous to this conjunction Willner and Wilhelm should also have written a

libretto for the opera, which was originally produced in Germany, would seem to require a happy result. The result is a mild entertainment for temporary use. The field in which Mr. Powers disports himself with his customary comicalities is not a spacious one, but as the sole purveyor of humor he is satisfactory to audiences that may be described as his own. He supplements his performance between the acts with more or less happy speeches, showing the good intent of giving full measure. The opera is free from anything of daring novelty, and, indeed, is distinguished for a certain conservative respectability in its art and manners. It has a certain originality in its lack of physical allurement, for its feminine contingent seem to seek a display of modesty in decorous skirts. Of course, it is all very charming, very pretty, but the entertainment falls something short of a May party. An eccentric dance by two men, Ward and Moon, the one tall, the other short, was one of the few interpolations, while there was the outline of a turkey-trot.

The story is a faraway one, beginning at St. Petersburg and ending at Wurtemberg. Except for the operation of certain police or state rules and regulations, it had as well have begun at Wurtemberg and ended at St. Petersburg; but it had to begin at St. Petersburg in order to get Polycarp (Mr. Powers) to entangle that character in a web of adverse circumstances requiring two hours or so of dancing and singing, with carriages at eleven. Polycarp, with a companion, one Count Boris, is indiscreet enough to flirt with two seminary girls. It is decreed that they should be married to the objects of their respective amorous pursuits. Polycarp is already engaged to a formidable female in Germany, who follows him with the grim determination to get from him the wifehood which she so much desires. Polycarp and his companion had been forced to abandon their two little brides, Finally, the formidable female finds solace in a former admirer, and Polycarp is rewarded by his dainty little Russian bride. None of this is very important, but it is good enough, as a story, for comic opera in its present estate. Frances Cameron, Leila Hughes, Flavia Arcaro and Melissa Ten Eyck were agreeable and capable enough in their songs. Some of these songs are: *Snowdrops and the Spring; Kiss Me Again, Bebe; I Like All Girls,* and *What About It?*

LYRIC. New Orleans French Opera Co. We have been educated to expect so much in grand opera production that when a company comes to town that does not boast of a Caruso, a Toscanini or a Farrar, it appears at a disadvantage. Yet, notwithstanding this serious handicap, the Layolle Opera Company is entitled to consideration, if only as a matter of record. The company was well balanced, and had among its singers some artists who could have appeared with distinction at the Metropolitan. We refer particularly to Mr. Beckmans and Mlle. Cortez. The fact must also be acknowledged that each and everyone of these artists acted superbly, and showed the results of the remarkable training that is found only on the French stage. The least creditable part of the production was the orchestra, chorus and the scenery, all of which were so bad that they quite overbalanced whatever good points were found among the principal artists. The repertoire comprised "Le Trouvère," "Faust," "Mignon," "La Favorite," "Thaïs," "Manon," "Carmen" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

BROADWAY. Aborn Opera Co. The Aborn Opera Company has made it possible for many people throughout the country to hear the great operas. Their work is ambitious, their people competent, and their productions of a high order generally. Their presentation of "Hänsel und Gretel" was in no way inferior to the standard they have set. The members of this organization are singers of not only unusual ability, but of distinct articulation, which is saying a great deal. Their acting also is not to be ignored, for they are full of grace and sincerity, and, above all, make good listeners. The acting honors of the performance go unquestionably to the Witch, whom the program said was Miss Ethel du Fre Houston, but who seemed masculine enough at times to be Mr. Clifton Webb. In either event, it was difficult to keep from being fascinated by the diabolical grace of the hideous old ragbag that was always in character. Edith Bradford had an excellent voice as Hänsel, and contributed some original work by baring her two nimble legs to the knees. As Gretel, Doris Goodwin was very wholesome, with a well-modulated voice, and a daintiness that became her more and more. It seemed that Morton Adkins was a trifle nervous, because his wide-legged acting,

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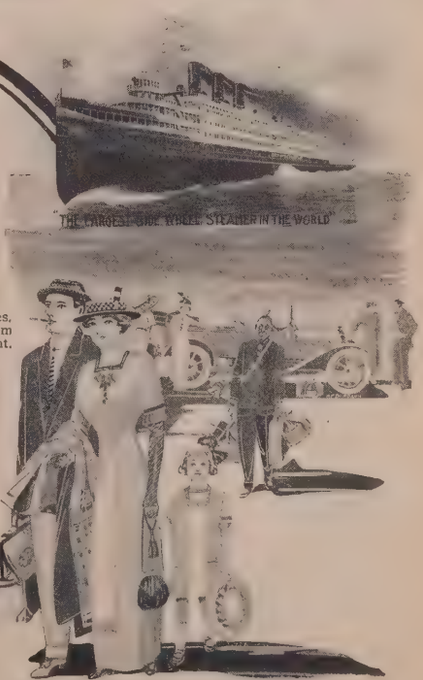

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and unduly strong character make-up, scarcely justified the powerful, and occasionally rich, voice with which he interpreted Peter, the father. On the other hand, Elaine de Sellem was generally capable as the wife, although she has yet to break a jug with conviction. An orchestra of about sixteen pieces was presided over by Joseph Sainton.

LYCEUM. AFRICAN HUNT IN MOTION PICTURES. Paul J. Rainey, the celebrated African hunter, recently organized a novel hunting trip through the African jungle. Accompanied by an American photographer, this intrepid sportsman penetrated the interior of British East Africa, and secured the most marvelous pictures of big game. These pictures are now shown in motion, the lecturer being Mr. J. C. Hemment, the well-known photographer who, at great personal risk, accompanied the expedition. American trained dogs were used in trailing and capturing the big game, and as many of the pictures were taken at night, by flashlight, the conditions under which the work was done were exciting, to say the least. The peril which both hunter and photographer incurred is amply demonstrated in the photographic record. The first of the films shows the start for the interior with all the difficulties which beset passage through the jungle. Then came a picture showing the trapping of a hyena, a splendid record. Then were shown pictures of the dogs in action, bringing to bay, and finally destroying, a dangerous cheetah. But the best picture of all is that of a water hole in the desert, to which all the animals come to drink—rhinoseri, giraffes, gazelles, elephants, zebra and others, all seemingly at peace with each other, but careful to preserve, as it were, a certain order of social precedence. Mr. Hemment's lecture is very interesting, and the thrilling passages of the narrative are enlivened here and there by humorous anecdote. No one should miss seeing these wonderful pictures.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "THE MARRIAGE-NOT." Comedy in three acts by Joseph Noel. Produced on May 13.

Joseph Noel, a young California newspaper man, sought to evoke some new variations from the old dramatic triangle. But he failed, and after a week's stay at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, "The Marriage-Not" was relegated to the theatrical graveyard.

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TWO NEW MATZENAUER SOLOS—Favorita,—*O mio Fernando*—Donizetti.

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However, for the consolation of those who admire Verdi's beautiful work, the Victor has rendered all the best airs and several of the stirring concerted numbers, so that the opera, given by famous artists, may be enjoyed at pleasure.

Robert le Diable—*Robert, O tu che adoro*—Meyerbeer.—*Robert, Duke of Normandy,* who was called *Robert the Devil* because of his courage in battle and his successes in love, is banished by his subjects and goes to Sicily, where he continued to struggle with an Evil Spirit, which seems to tempt him to every kind of excess. *Alice,* his foster sister, suspects that his supposed friend *Bertram,* is in reality this evil influence. At the close of Act I, *Robert,* led on by *Bertram,* gambles away all his possessions, and failing to attend the Tournament, losses the honor of a knight and greatly displeases the *Lady Isabella,* whom he loves.

ANOTHER GLUCK-ZIMBALIST RECORD—Le Nil, Fernand-Levoux.

The interesting record of Massenet's *Elégie* by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Zimbalist, issued last month, has been much in demand, and this announcement of a second record by these artists will be a welcome one.

The selection chosen for the June list is a charming French song by two well-known writers. Mr. Zimbalist's beautiful tone blends delightfully with Mme. Gluck's lovely soprano, and the record is an unusually attractive one.

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GEMS BY KREISLER—Aubade Provençale, Couperin; Scherzo, Dittersdorf.

Fritz Kreisler, notwithstanding the constant appearance of new *virtuosi,* continues to hold his high place among the few leading violinists of the day, and is playing better perhaps than at any time in his career.

New Dramatic Books

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. Illustrated.

One distinctive thing about Edward Gordon Craig is his forceful, ambitious personality. He is a man who is more careful about marshalling his forces than he is about qualifying his aims. To say that he is not original would be denying him one of his most fascinating qualities. His work, and more particularly his expressions, have been the talk of Europe, while echoes are to be heard throughout America. Above all, Mr. Craig is not a materialist. The spirit to him is the supreme idea. Such things as flesh and blood disappear into dust, while this cold, fragile, imperishable thing, called Beauty, continues forever. Mr. Craig is a critic, and, like all good critics, he tears down before he builds up. The stage of to-day has practically no charm for him; its traditions no fearsome qualities. The actor is conceited, the manager is commercial, the scenery is realistic; the whole theatre is artificial. It is governed by many people who do not know their places, the dramatist lacks backbone—oh, what a deplorable state! How shall all this be remedied? Why, says Mr. Craig, put the whole matter in the hands of one man who is capable of directing it? Let him be playwright, stage-manager, treasurer, electrician, property-man, grip, clearer, orchestra director and wardrobe mistress, with scene painter thrown in for good measure. Where, oh, where, shall we find the man to do this? continues Mr. Craig, telling us ever so delicately by word and drawing how well he can sew costumes and paint scenery. In short, by general acclaim, Gordon Craig is elected to this position which is to sway the destiny of the world's dramatic art. The only difficulty remaining is the huge dollar-sign, or pound sign, which Mr. Craig deplores, but which makes all things possible. He wants costumes to fit the natures and disposition of the characters, not knowing that we here in America have anticipated him by many years, even in the lowest of amusement places, where the adventuress, to prove that she is sinful, dresses in red. From here it is a short step to giving advice to the actor; and very good advice it is to very many actors. He wants the artist to go beyond the theatre, and not cramp his genius and his ability to express by the little artificial world to which actors have accustomed themselves. It is a very large proposition, but Mr. Craig tackles it bravely. Actors' conceit should be done away with, says he, if the actor would not distort values of himself. Frankly, Mr. Craig's book is his propaganda; but even so, his cause is so interesting as a novelty, and his book is so tastefully printed and bound, that it is well worth its price, and well worth reading by anyone interested in any phase of the drama.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. HIS LIFE AND WORK. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. Cincinnati: Steward, Kidd & Company.

This is a volume of formidable proportions, 512 pages, with thirty-three illustrations, including two plates in colors, two photogravures, and numerous facsimiles in the text. We have Shaw in different poses at different periods of his life. The various phases of his activities are discussed, exemplified and particularized in separate sections. Everything he has thought and done from his childhood up to the moment of the publication of the book is set down. It should be satisfactory to everyone who wants to know everything about Shaw. The versatile G. B. S. has supplied talks, letters and material in superabundance. Every article ever written about him is listed. To look them all up and read them would keep an industrious man busy for a year. Much of it is familiar to every reader, but it is a book of expatiations and expansions and added detail. To review this book in detail would be a laborious and unnecessary task. An index to the volume facilitates reference to such passages as one may be more interested in than in others. Professor Henderson is discriminating and not too adulatory. Shaw's activities have been very distinct. He has been half a dozen men, as the different chapters of the book devoted to the various periods of his life will indicate: The Novelist, The Fabian Society, The Cart and Trumpet, Shavian Socialism, The Art Critic, The Music Critic, The Dramatic Critic, The Playwright (three chapters), The Technician, The Dramatist, Artist and Philosopher, The Man. No man ever had such a minute and ponderous biography of himself written during his lifetime.

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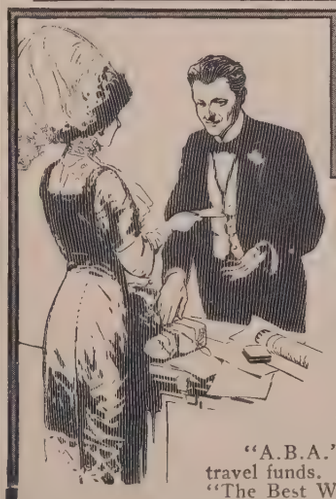

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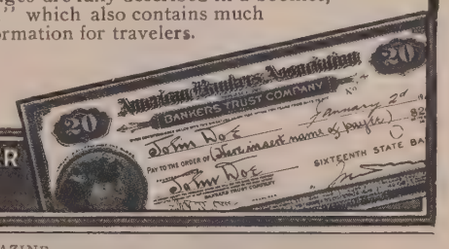

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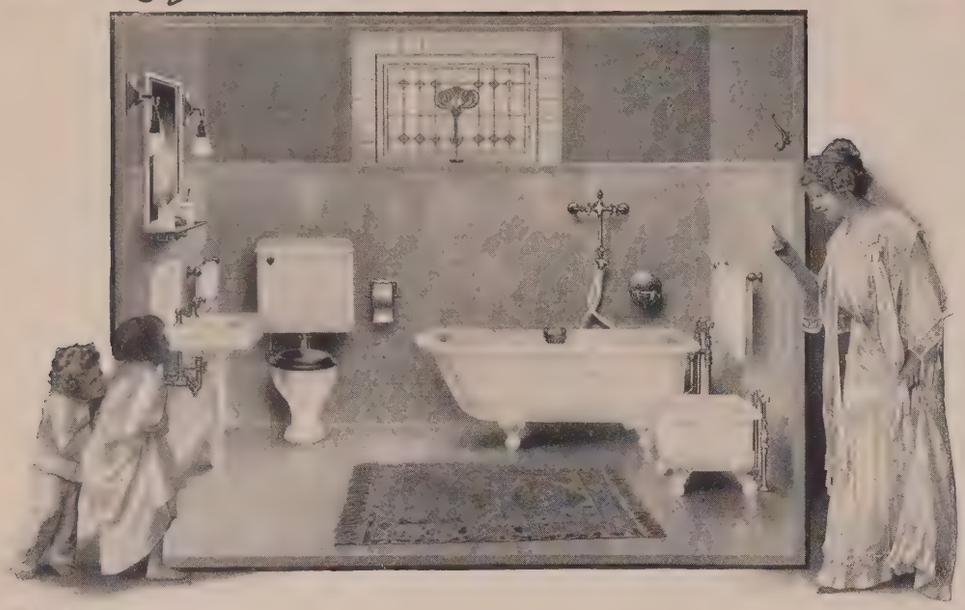

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THE PROSPECTOR. Comedy in three acts. By Willis Steell. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.

Tom Preston is a prospector who has failed in the Western gold fields, so has come to the East to try prospecting in the promotion of new companies. For his stenographer he engages Kate Carew, the daughter of an architect, who is in precarious circumstances because of wild-cat investment in Wall Street. Tom learns that Carew had appropriated some money due a contractor and lost it in speculation. By this time he has fallen in love with Kate. He quietly pays the contractor to silence him, incidentally placing his partner and himself in danger of ruin, while Carew commits suicide. Tom has secured the money for this purpose from the mother of Felicia Kelso, a rich girl who is angling for him. Felicia learns what has become of the money, and recognizing Kate as a dangerous rival tells Kate of the whole affair, and bids her keep out of the way. But in the meantime Tom's business has picked up, and he returns the money to the mother with interest. Felicia is foiled, and Tom and Kate are happily united. It is a conventional story, given with hardly more dramatic form than is indicated here. The lines are clever. With some re-writing it would make a fair piece. It is readable.

THE WILDERNESS. An American play in five acts. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darrow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

This seems to be a more ambitious book than the earlier one concerning musical comedy upon which the same authors collaborate. It is not a good satire, and has very little to recommend it. Beatrix Walton is a rich girl who wants to be loved for herself alone, so becomes stenographer to young John Fosdick. It is needless to say he falls in love with her. Her graceless young brother arrives, and seeing the love bestowed upon him by Beatrix, Fosdick thinks that it must be a rival, and goes out of town for five years. When he returns at the end of that time, explanations are made and all ends happily. It is quite probable that the authors do not expect this piece to be produced. At any rate, they had better reconcile themselves to its confinement in book form. But the man who buys the book expecting to derive amusement from it, and with no idea of analyzing as a serious proposition, will find his money's worth in reading the introduction and note that fill nearly half the book. It discusses about everything from fashion to automobiles, a slapstick to donkeys, heroes to Bernard Shaw, Ibsen to Richard Harding Davis, and contains all of the philosophy of the drama and a complete guide to the technique of playwriting. Of course, it is all the merest quibbling; but the man who is looking for a pleasant, if not instructive, way to pass time, will find in it all that he could desire.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. A play in eight scenes. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co.

William Watson has written crisp things, notably "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," but when he tried playwriting, his work lost significance. He seems to have put his plot into a two-hour measure, and when he shook it up most of the plot stayed at the bottom, with the thin part on top. In other words, his play does not begin until the last few pages. Of course, it is natural for William Watson to write in verse; it would be hard at this time to imagine him writing a book in prose. But the fact remains that verse is an outworn medium for drama. It will be hard to censure Mr. Watson, because in his dedication he has recorded that his wife is responsible for the piece. And what gentleman would offend a lady? The story is given here in a little more intelligible way than Mr. Watson gives it. The time is given generally as "The Morrow of Antiquity."

Abbo of the Woods, a hunter and trapper, seeks vengeance upon Volmar, commander of a victorious army which is returning home laden with spoils, because Volmar has committed rape upon his daughter and forced her to suicide. As Volmar ascends the steps of the palace to receive the congratulations of his King, Abbo kills him. The King would have Abbo destroyed at once, but Prince Hesperus interposes and pleads for him. The King bids Heaven to strike him, the King, dead if he shows mercy. Abbo explains his motive for killing Volmar. The people are at once prejudiced in Abbo's favor. And when the Prince explains that his interest is because Abbo once saved him from death in the Woods, the people demand that Abbo be set free. The only one that can pardon Abbo is the King, and the King cannot go back upon his oath. It is suggested to the King that he abdicate, so that his successor, who will not be bound by a vow, may effect the pardon. The King declares he never liked his position anyhow, and commits

suicide by drinking some mysterious poison in a seal-ring upon his finger. The Prince instantly takes his place as King, pardons Abbo, and is acclaimed by the people. It has occasional symptoms of the dramatic, but that is all. When it comes to the vow of the King, the conditions under which it was given and the circumstances attendant upon it, it becomes absolutely ridiculous. It is to be expected that his verse is polished; but we have always understood that poetry performed another function beside just having form. It is supposed that form is only a method of smooth expression, and in the excellence of expression lies the true greatness of the muse. Hence this piece is neither poetry nor drama.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Björkman. The Dream Play, The Link and The Dance of Death, Parts I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Each country has ideas of morality and things in general peculiar to itself. Of necessity the native writers of those countries include the same ideas in their work. This work has been coming over to us for some time past. The expressed opinions have varied widely. Some were ready to commend the work for the authority of the author's names; some commend it because of its success in its native land, while a few others judge it for itself. Europe is full of inflated reputations; it is a place where morbid expressions are well liked by morbid people. It is to be hoped that in America opinions will be expressed by elemental standards of right and wrong. To most Americans, Strindberg is little more than a name. His plays have not been presented here. Some have said that it is because he is so intensely local, while others believe that he is too morbid for healthy minds. A foreign author is often misrepresented by a poor translator. Edwin Björkman has qualified too often as a careful and graceful writer to offend in this respect. Therefore, it is charitable to assume that these are not three of the best of Strindberg's plays.

The first, "The Dream Play," tells how the daughter of the god Indra descends upon earth to see if the complaints of humanity are well founded. She sees a great deal of suffering and suffers herself by getting married to a briefless lawyer and having a child by him. It is not clear what Strindberg thinks of it; but the impression is that most of the unhappiness on earth is caused by the people themselves. At any rate, she decides that a poet is the only man that knows how to live, and lets him present the complaint of mankind that she may take it back to her father.

"The Link" is a rather curiously contrived piece. Like the other three of his plays, its dramatic force lies more in its material and situations than in characterization. Characterization is a very weak point in Strindberg's work. Take away the proper names with which he heads his speeches and his plays would read like monologues. His people are puppets and so many mouthpieces for the dismal philosophy of Strindberg himself. It tells of a Baron and Baroness, both guilty of marital infidelity, who have held together despite their absolute unfitness for each other, because of their love for their child, the link which binds them together. But now they decide to separate, and the fight is for the custody of the child. The scene is a Court of Justice. In the investigation of the court it is decided that neither parent is competent to rear the child, which is given for that purpose into the hands of two very ignorant peasant guardians.

The third play, "The Dance of Death," is so long drawn out and so disconnected that it is difficult to tell what it is all about. It is assumed that symbolism has entered into it, symbolism that is understood by only the author. How that word symbolism has been perverted! It is not properly subordinated. This use of "symbolism," that is, something for something else when good, clear, intelligible facts are available, is not art, is not pleasing, and is a display of little else than sheer ignorance. Thank God we have had a few men who have not been afraid to express their opinions upon this subject. "The Dance of Death" tells about a captain in a military colony upon a little island, who is subject to fits, and who has kept his wife terribly alone and without friends. Her cousin, a former sweetheart, arrives, and she takes new hope. The cousin's son falls in love with the captain's daughter, the daughter whom the captain hopes to marry to the colonel of the island, and thereby raise his social position. But the daughter disobeys the captain and marries the cousin's son. The captain thereupon dies after a stroke of apoplexy. There are people who effect this sort of reading; but none of the three plays is true drama.

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Photo by Schneider

Fig. No. 6. Picture hat of Italian straw bound with black velvet and ornamented with dark grey ostrich plumes

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Photo by Schneider
Fig. No. 4. A lovely lingerie gown worn over a slip of champagne taffeta

tion of tulle streamers was seen in a veil that was worn over the face, and tied in a mass of loops under the back left side of the brim, and one long end fell down the back of the wearer, who gracefully carried the flowing length of tulle over her left arm.

This is a season of striking combinations. In Paris the red and blue is just now in special favor, and right here I might mention that there is a new shade out, called rose violet. Cheruit is showing a model developed in taffeta of this shade that is receiving great admiration. It is made up in the panier style, and the lingerie collar and cuffs, its sole trimming, harmonizes beautifully with the exquisite coloring of the costume.

The pretty black and white combination, which last season was on the verge of waning, is now having an unusual revival, and if anyone doubts its beauty let them visit the Moulin Rouge and view the first chorus. The white satin underskirts, with the side slash, trimming of black buttons and simulated black bound buttonholes, are very chic, and the short black chantilly tunics make a beautiful combination. Add to this large white hats, with black and white waving plumes, all on a bevy of pretty girls, and you have an attractive picture indeed. A charming black and white costume noticed in the audience appealed so strongly to me on account of its simple elegance that it is being illustrated on these pages. As is apparent, it is a Parisian costume composed of a tunic of white chiffon trimmed with beautiful heavy appliqué lace. From under the three-quarter length tunic extends the underskirt of black liberty satin, and this harmony is carried out in the bodice by the elbow sleeves, which are of black satin. (Fig. 1.)

Mentioning two-color effects reminds me of a delicate combination noticed in an evening coat. The garment was of pale blue satin crêpe de chine, and the lining of a lavender crêpe de chine. Then there was a smart tailored gown worn by a practical woman. It combined several prominent fashion notes, and so I deem it worthy of mention as well as illustration. It is of éponge, the present favorite fabric, in biscuit, one of this season's popular new colors. It is made up in tunic effect, and has the fashionable button and buttonhole trimmings. It also shows the contrast of color, the collar and cuffs being a very dark tan, verging strongly on brown. When the wearer handed me the photograph, she laughingly remarked: "Be sure and call attention to the odd cut of my jacket," which, bye the bye, is a feature of this season's coats, "and say that the suit is from Green & Co. (Fig. 2.)

But to return to skirts—those women who look askance at all draperies, and still desire the fuller skirt, will, no doubt, eagerly adopt the new pleated skirts that are coming over from Paris. The pleats are small, very flat and stitched down to the knee depth, and are usually arranged in clusters at the back, front or sides of the skirt. Plaited models are shown by Paquin, Drécoll and Bernard, and will, no doubt, prove popular as the season advances.

Then there is the accordion-plaited skirt, of which we are promised a strong revival. This new model, however, retains the fashionable silhouette lines, especially when worn with a tunic, as can be seen in the chorus at "The Spring Maid," where several of the

Photo by Schneider
Fig. No. 7. A dainty tea gown in embroidered ivory chiffon over liberty silk, with accordion plaited ruffles of écru lace. Girdle and bow of lapis-lazuli velvet

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Photo by Talbot
Fig. No. 3. Mlle. Renouardt wearing a charming costume by Bechoff-David. It is developed in champagne liberty embroidered with green silk

singers are wearing very pretty developments of the accordion-plaited skirt. This style will be a favorite for the simple summer dancing frocks.

The Turkish toweling has found great favor with women, and is being made up into outer garments of all description. It may interest you to know that the wardrobe of Mlle. Renouardt, the famous French beauty, contains a smart dress of this material. It is made up along the modish simple lines, and trimmed with large self-colored buttons. The color that is now essential in white costumes is afforded by the girdle. This is quite wide, and is beautifully embroidered in wool in colors. It terminates in sash ends and, all in all, is a very pretty black and white costume.

Another gown worn by this charming actress is noteworthy, as you must agree when glancing at the illustration. It is by Bechoff-David, and is of liberty silk in champagne. The bodice is exquisitely embroidered in green silk. The peplum effect and the sash at the front are two prominent style points of this season. The dotted net guimpe, made up in cluster tucks, shows the new idea of long sleeves. (Fig. 3.)

Mentioning champagne gowns reminds me of a lovely costume worn at the theatre last week, and which is here illustrated. It is of heavily embroidered white crêpe over a champagne taffeta underdress. As you see, the embroidery is most exquisite, and combines the motif idea that is now prominent. In order to more strikingly bring out the effect, these lace insets are often underlaid with black chiffon, and it is surprising what marvelous results are thus obtained. This charming costume is finished off with a girdle and sash ends of the champagne. (Fig. 4.)

Of course, you have noticed the prevalence of sashes in the present-day toilettes. It is a pretty fashion, too, and, by the way, Elizabeth Brice, who is such a favorite at the Moulin Rouge, wears a pretty sash. It is of pale blue, with the oval ends outlined in tiny pink roses, and a cluster of the same flowers attaches the sash to the girdle. This dress trimming, which is having such a strong vogue at present, is naturally largely in evidence in the costuming at this popular theatre.

Miss Brice wears a beautiful pale blue satin gown, with a flounce that has both edges outlined with tiny pink roses and clusters of the dainty buds are attached at intervals along the flounce.

Emmy Wehlen has a lace underdress with a fluffy foot ruffle, from the lower edge of which peep little pink rosebuds, and her ball dress is a charming combination of blue satin, lace frills and pink rosebuds, with a Dresden panier overdress.

Pretty Ida Adams, in the same theatre, developed a novel idea in her dainty evening dress. The white silk petticoat has two rows of white satin ribbon, along which are fastened little nosegays of pink roses that look very delicate and pretty veiled by the simple white, crystal trimmed, chiffon overdress.

In "The Rose Maid," a lovely costume of this type is worn by Miss Adrienne Augarde, the faithful white rose maid. The beautiful white lace underdress has a deep border pattern outlined at both edges with a running vine of dainty pink chiffon roses. And, by the way, the tunic of this toilette is a charming development of the panier. It is of rose chiffon voile, short in front and forming a long, graceful drapery at the back. The only trimming is a cluster of the pink roses at the girdle.

Another gown seen in the audience one evening, and worthy of mention, is pictured in these pages. The robe is of blue voile de soie, and the flounce of chiffon taffeta illustrates

Photo by Manuel
Fig. No. 2. A smart tailleur by Green & Co., of Paris, in biscuit color tissue éponge

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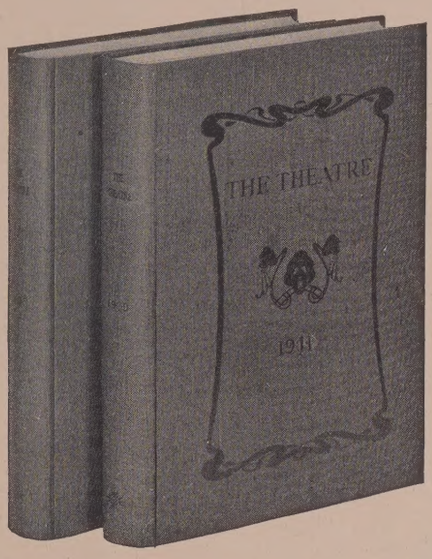

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not only the prevailing tendency of combining two materials, but also the odd shaping of many of this season's trimmings. The taffeta fichu ends gracefully in a short sash, which is a pleasing and favorite mode. By the way, this smart costume is the creation of Mon. Lelong, Paris. (Fig. No. 5.)

While hoods and bewitching caps are the rule for evening wear, many women appear in small hats, but the woman of individuality will wear anything her fancy dictates, and so it was not particularly surprising to see women in the boxes of the theatre wearing large hats. The one illustrated was so pretty that I must tell you about it. (See opening page.)

It is of black Italian straw and has a velvet binding. Handsome gray ostrich plumes encircle the crown. By the way, that beautiful wrap the lady is wearing is of a white, filmy fabric, and is edged with the most exquisite ratine lace. How very popular this new lace has become! It is especially pretty on the summer coats that are a new edict of Dame Fashion. (See illustration.)

Mentioning the plumes on that hat recalls a visit I made at a feather shop the other day, and I was surprised at the work accomplished and the nominal price at which it is done. Just to illustrate. Now, you know, willow plumes are quite *passé*, and you really don't want to wear them any longer. Well, just take yours around to the feather shop and have it made into one of those fashionable French military pompons or into one of the uncurled spikes that are now in vogue. This will cost you only $2.50, and the pompons you can have made for $3.50. If you have sufficient feathers (any old feathers will do, you know), one of those lovely long plumes with a pompon foot, that are so fashionable now, will cost you only $1.50, and this feather requires no other foot finish. This firm makes a specialty of dyeing feathers, and women prefer to select a white plume and have it dyed to match a sample. Charming two-color effects are also produced in this way, and the dyeing and curling can be done from 35 cents upward. They showed me a white plume of which they had dyed the ends of the flues a delicate pink. Perhaps you can picture the exquisite result.

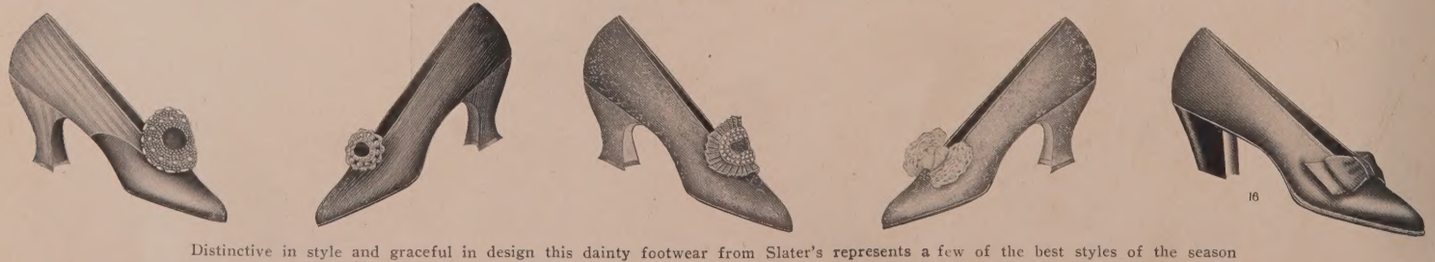
Mme. Demidoff wearing a wrap by Zimmermann in Khaki tissue éponge, decorated with drawn work and long woolen fringe

Have you noticed the hand-painted kid gloves that have recently been introduced? A woman sitting near me at the theatre had on a white pair painted all up the arm in little pale blue flowers, and in looking for them one day I found quite an assortment in a Fifth Avenue shop. They can be had in black and white, painted in various colored small blossoms.

I wish you could see the beautiful lingerie that the dressing rooms of a theatre disclose. The variety of garters interested me. One pair of blue messaline, shirred over elastic, were studded with rhinestones. Another pair in pink shirred liberty silk were finished off with clusters of tiny rambler roses and ribbon pendants, each tipped with a bud. A pair in lavender silk were edged with lace and finished off with a bunch of tiny matching satin berries. A most elaborate pair were of a deep cream lace shirred over pink silk. The upper edge had a two-inch wide frill of the lace, that ended in a rosette at the one side. A wreath of pink roses adorned these exquisite bits of feminity.

One girl showed me some silk mull night-dresses. They are worth telling you about, because now, with the coming of the warm days, you will want a sheer night-dress that is really practical. Those the actress purchased were very simple, both in cut and trimming. The low, round neck and the short slashed sleeves were finished off with insertion and edging of fine baby Irish lace. She told me she bought them in a shop near the theatre, and that they had them in white, blue and pink.

Oh, and I must really tell you about the lovely teagown I saw. You know these are quite the proper thing now even for informal afternoon at-home gatherings, and that is why the shops are showing such gorgeous creations along these lines. This particular teagown is a most exquisite bit of lingerie. It is of beautiful embroidered, ivory-tinted chiffon, and the petticoat, which peeps out at the front, is of écru net with accordion-plaited lace ruffles. The fichu, a graceful finish for a housegown, is of écru net edged with an accordion-plaited frill. The entire front of the gown has the fashionable button and simulated button-hole trimming. A girdle of pale blue velvet, finished off with a cluster of loops and short ends, makes a charming finish. (Fig. 7.)



Distinctive in style and graceful in design this dainty footwear from Slater's represents a few of the best styles of the season

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